Ballads of all Nations

GEORGE BORROW

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1927. first edition.
Of this selection!

BALLADS OF ALL NATIONS

*

"Though rough and rude, these strains are rife
Of things akin to immortal life,
Which touch the heart and tinge the cheek,
As deeply as divinest Greek.
In simple words and unsought rhyme
Give me the songs of olden time."

Alan Cunningham to *Borrow.*

BALLADS OF ALL NATIONS

TRANSLATED
BY
GEORGE BORROW

A Selection
EDITED BY
R. BRIMLEY JOHNSON
From the texts of Professor
HERBERT WRIGHT

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PREFACE

I HAVE been enabled to make this selection by the generous permission of Mr. Thomas J. Wise, the owner of the copyright in Borrow's translations; Messrs. Constable & Co., the publishers of the only complete edition; and Professor Herbert Wright, who prepared the text for publication.

Two small collections of the Ballad-Translations were published in Borrow's lifetime :—

Romantic Ballads : translated from the Danish and Miscellaneous pieces, by George Borrow, 1826. [Issued simultaneously in Norwich and London. Reprinted (limited edition) in 1913.]

Targum, or Metrical Translations from Thirty Languages and Dialects, by George Borrow. St. Petersburg, 1835. A few single ballads appeared, from time to time, in various periodicals.

When the unpublished manuscripts and copyright were purchased by Mr. Wise, he privately printed thirty-seven small volumes (in editions limited to thirty copies) during 1913; and arranged with Professor Herbert Wright of Bangor for the issue of a complete edition. This, the standard, text was subsequently incorporated in the limited, sixteen volume, re-issue of Borrow's *Works* which Mr. Clement Shorter edited for Messrs. Constable in 1923; where the Ballads occupy some fifteen hundred pages, apart from *Targum*.

Professor Wright's texts were transcribed from the original manuscripts or prepared by collating the manuscripts with printed versions; and he also made an exhaustive examination of the sources used, but for the most part not indicated, by Borrow; so that the ballads can now be grouped, with confidence, under the languages of their origin.

R. B. J.

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INTRODUCTION

BORROW's work throughout reveals a deep and instinctive feeling for many national emotions and faiths, a sympathetic understanding of many races; combined with an insatiable curiosity for out-of-the-way learning, not precisely academic but scholarly in spirit and of furious industry.

Always a wanderer, in love with humanity, it was not only the old tales of primitive fighting, adventure, or sudden tragedy that kindled his imagination. He sought out, and strove to re-tell, every story-legend surviving in odd corners of the world, every song that spoke for the people of all lands, whether in battle, a'hunting, a'wooing, or in the home: proud or fearful, joyous or sad.

Though admittedly a careless linguist, he had a passionate love and inborn aptitude for the acquiring of tongues, a poetic flair for catching the heart of words, and preserving their form. The methods, so naïvely revealed in his novels, of learning Romany from a "Roman" maid, might not commend themselves to professors, but they taught him much not commonly known to schoolmen.

As English poetry, these translations at their best, have caught the finest traditions of our own ballad verse, while yet strongly impressed with Borrow's vigorous and romantic personality. No other collection presents so wide a literary picture of the cradle-thoughts of the world. Eminently readable and strangely stirring,

regarded merely as fine narrative verse, it offers a unique, comparative, view of legend-history and race superstition.

II

The Ballad may be called the most human form of literary expression. It is fundamentally a song of the peoples, evolved by instinct before writing became a conscious art, when the singer, with little or no thought of self, spoke not in his own person but for mankind.

Its direct and primitive appeal is universal, "from the Skioldung who clad in scarlet, wields the sceptre, to the peasant who breaks the clod with his plough"; and though too often temporarily forgotten by those busy about culture or material progress, has survived throughout all time.

Because, moreover, the Ballad is at once simply human in feeling and intensely national in form and phrase; it provides endless material to students of the nature of man and the origins of race. Variations of one tale in many lands are a part of history.

Yet on the whole, since civilisation tamed the world, Englishmen have given less heed to Ballads, been less attentive to what may be called unliterary literature, than other nations; than Germans, for example, or our sister kingdoms of Wales, Ireland, and the Highland Scotch.

In earlier times, as Stopford Brooke has written:—

> "The Ballad went over the whole land among the people. The trader, the apprentices and the poor of the cities, the peasantry, had their own songs. They tended to collect themselves round some legendary name like Robin Hood, or some historical character made legendary, like Randolf, Earl of Chester. The ploughman may not know his paternoster, but he does know the rhymes of these heroes. . . . A crowd of minstrels sang them through city and village: the very friar sang them. . . . French ballads were sung in London and very freely translated. 'When Adam delved and Eve span' was a type of a clan of socialistic ballads."

Among the peasantry, indeed, some form of Ballad has never entirely lost its hold. The village ancient can still, at times, be induced to sing the old songs memorized through generations; the broadsheets issued from Seven Dials by the Catnach Press, or by Mr. Such of the Borough, have been hawked over the country in our own times.

But as books replaced song for the leisured classes, and as progress pinned the thoughts of working folk down to daily toil, our brave knights and merry foresters were despised or forgotten; and when, at long last, the good Bishop Percy produced his now famous *Reliques*, he almost apologised for his rude taste to his more literary acquaintance.

The attitude among us, however, has been gradually reversed. Since the later years of the eighteenth century many collections, of greatly varying accuracy and erudition, have been offered to a discerning public; the genius of Scott and Burns lifted the Ballad to the heights of Parnassus; critics have taught us the art of poetical simplicity; learned societies have investigated obscure texts, as embodied in the monumental work of Professor Child; and the history of the Ballad has joined the ranks of science.

III

Borrow's work stands somewhere between the copyist of scrap-books with a hobby for neglected treasure, and the scholar in antiques. Inspired, no doubt, by purely personal enthusiasm, a taste for the barbaric and the open road; he no less certainly possessed the patient industry of the humble enquirer after knowledge, an insatiable thirst for new impressions, a contempt for accepted—or conventional—truth, and that complete indifference to time and to public opinion, which is essential for those who respect ultimate truth.

Few men have been content to live so completely out of touch with their own times; probably none ever wrote such human tales of their fellow-men without a word about the normal conditions of life, or the thoughts and difficulties that were agitating their minds. With rare sympathy and understanding for individual men and women, he cared nothing for citizenship or the State; save to scorn and rail at the assumptions of authority or the cant of creeds; while proud in his own way, though eager to strike for the under-dog. By conviction an old English Tory gentleman; sympathetically radical when accidentally roused.

Towards the literature of his day, or indeed towards any save the accepted masters, he was even more startlingly indifferent; seemingly unaware that any of his contemporaries had published a book: and, when chance tempted him to judgment, betraying himself critically inept.

Thrown thus by taste upon the past, and temperamentally disposed always to heroics and adventure, at heart a citizen of the world; it was the Saga heroes and knights-errant who filled and fired his imagination; the days before civilisation in which his dream life lingered, of which his heart sang.

We cannot implicitly trust him as a collector, or translator; insular prejudice led him to wholly ignore even the legend poetry of some most poetic peoples: but because he loved and understood—where instinct led him—he could interpret and create with unerring truth and joyous vigour.

His style again has the defects of its qualities. It is not careful or uniformly correct; at times descending to mere doggerel. His colloquialism and choice of words does not always escape impertinence, in defying the rules. But its fluency and ease, just because it is casual and free, has enabled him to recapture what

might elude more polished poets, the bird notes of natural song, the startling realism—in hot fight or stark pain—of the true Ballad :—" Kiempe Viser or Heroic Songs, tales of sorcery, spectral appearances, true love fortunate and unlucky."

IV

For Borrow, wisely I think, has given the widest possible interpretation to the word Ballad. It is, perhaps, most formally defined as " a song intended as the accompaniment to a dance," or " a light and simple song," with a leaning towards the sentimental and romantic. With his usual directness and common sense, Johnson calls it simply " a Song," reminding us, however, that it was sometimes applied to such serious poems as Solomon's " Ballad of Ballads."

Dr. Murray, as always building up his definition from statistics of literary usage, defines a Ballad as " a simple spirited poem in short stanzas, in which some popular story is graphically told."

This is certainly the interpretation accepted for general use. But many narrative Ballads are not broken up, or written, in short stanzas, and somewhat nearly approach the Epic : the Homeric poems being, by some, believed to be a collection of Ballads. And unquestionably many pure lyrics, laments, or simple outbursts of feeling without any story, are true Ballads ; that is, inspired by primitive emotion, put into words by the people, not by the poet, and carried down the ages by memory and repetition.

Legendary Ballads express simple, though deep, feeling ; tell the stories of national heroes and historic battles, of outlaws and priests, quakers and travellers, devils and lovers ; some based, at least, on actual persons and events, some drawn from early theologies and fairy lore, others frankly invented or imaginary.

Borrow gleaned his treasures from every source; native to many lands; and finally included striking examples of the modern, or literary Ballad: the work of known and recognised poets, using deliberately the ballad form; often to celebrate comparatively modern events, or as with our own Gilbert and Sullivan, expressing their own generation in catching song.

In this way he has brought together for us the birth of nations, and the song that lives, through the grinding clamour of modernity, in the heart of the folk.

V

George Borrow was born at East Dereham in 1803; his father a Cornishman, no doubt with something of the Celt in the blood; and his mother of Huguenot descent. We do not dare, nor indeed desire, to attempt the sifting of fact from fiction in his own charming record of the days of his youth; and the greater part of his life is no less attractively reflected in his books, of which all are transparently sincere as character-autobiography, and tantalisingly elusive in the details of events. Borrow, without doubt, did much of what is written here, was very nearly the man he represents himself to be: and, assuredly, nothing told of the fiction-Borrow was impossible to, or inconsistent with, the man himself.

His descriptions of places, when obviously actual and actually vivid, are never identified by real names; though a casual hint or allusion will often enable us to trace the course of his erratic wanderings, particularly in the last, family, tour of *Wild Wales*. And when compared with the originals they are, however forcible and picturesque, exceptionally sober and true. He is never, in fact, tempted to "decorate" nature; or to create melodrama from adventure in London town.

Though always and everywhere living romance, in a

prosaic age, he could not entirely escape contact with affairs and domesticity; though few of us can have so lightly faced the problems of existence with so small and short experience of actual struggle for daily bread. He always deliberately chose to work at something that would not pay; but the daring originality of his methods of five years' propagating the gospel in Spain never seems to have suggested to the Bible Society officials any withholding of supplies; the widow of Oulton was conveniently provided with some portion of this world's goods, though no one would think of supposing that he had married her for that reason; and, on occasion, he acquired some most opportune cash for his books.

The passion for writing, indeed, was only second to Borrow, if it did not exceed, his passion for tramping the lanes and talking by the roadside, drinking ale, and enjoying a good fight. In a long life, being seventy-eight at his death in 1881, he produced "mountains of manuscripts," and though he did not actually publish a great number of books, their combined length was fairly considerable.

Lavengro, 1852, and its sequel, *Romany Rye*, 1857, though partially autobiographical, are in the form of loosely-constructed fiction. *The Bible in Spain*, 1842, and *Gipsies in Spain*, were, casually enough, written to order, as missionary reports, and *Wild Wales*, 1862, was openly a book of travel.

Yet as literature, and as revelations of Borrow, they may be justly estimated in one view. All are vividly, and perversely, individual; all exhibit his private tastes, enthusiasms, and antipathies; all reveal his unique powers of description, his genius for natural dialogue, and the touch of dreaming mysticism that, by the magic of poetic words, somehow carries his most human, and real, characters or scenes away from life, to a fantastic vision of romance. At his best,

Borrow is always distinguished; a master of plain, simple English, with a strong individual mannerism, on which, however, his art does not depend.

He produced some hack-work, deservedly forgotten; he is occasionally obscure and often illogical; his attempts at 'scientific' philology, by way of speculation or compilation, are as unfortunate as his literary use of his life-long studies in the subject is valuable and happy.

It is the solid Englishman in him—wrong-headed, grumbling, loving and fighting, drinking and laughing; with the Celtic ease of expression and glow of romance, that made him great.

VI

Borrow refers to the Danish songs he translated as "his chief comfort and solace in the course of a short life blackened by trouble and disappointment," and, though the implication of gloom probably represents no more than a mood, it is known that he did attach much greater importance to this work than to the books that brought him some measure of fame; that the world painted in the old ballads was deeply impressed upon his imagination, and far more congenial to his nature than that in which he lived; and that he was bitterly disappointed at his failure to secure a publisher for more than a few of his earliest translations.

The main part of these manuscripts was prepared for publication in 1854; but the negotiations fell through, and were never resumed.

We cannot with any accuracy discover how closely he followed his originals, though there is evidence of considerable liberty with the text and some deliberate additions of his own, in translations that can be traced. His aims certainly were not literal transposition from one language to another. He was concerned rather

with the poets' spirit and the dramatic qualities of their tales. In this, he proved himself a master; and the selection here given of the most characteristic and vigorous examples of his work, presents, not only a unique world-view of legendary history and national song, but the spirit of Borrow himself.

R. Brimley Johnson.

SCANDINAVIAN

THE EXPEDITION TO BIRTING'S LAND

The King he o'er the castle rules,
He rules o'er all the land;
O'er many a hardy hero too,
With naked sword in hand.

Let the courtier govern his steed,
The boor his thatchèd cot,
But Denmark's King o'er castles rules,
For nobler is his lot.

King Diderik sits on Brattingsborg,
And round he looks with pride:
'No one I know of in the world
Would me in fight abide.'

Then answered Brand Sir Viferlin,
Had been in many a land:
'Methinks I know a warrior stout
Would thee in fight withstand.

'He 's Isald call'd, a king is he,
In Birting's land afar;
And he has fellows following him
With savage wolves who war.

'O he has fellows following him
'Gainst teeth of bears who fight;
The food in which he most delights
Is flesh of Christian wight.

'Every day in the East that dawns
His mouth he 's wont to cool
With serpents, toads, and other filth,
That come from the hellish pool.'

As Isald sat on his throne that day
He thus was heard to cry:
'Let some one bid my little foot page
To come to me instantly.

'Now list to me, thou little foot page,
On my errand thee I 'll send
Unto the King of Brattingsborg,
To whom I am no friend.

'Tell him that he must tribute pay,
Or for bloody war prepare;
Forsooth if him in the field I meet
I him will little spare.'

Then answered straight the little foot page,
And a gallant answer he gave:
'My Lord, thy message I 'll carry forth,
Though they lay me in my grave.'

In came he, the little foot page,
And stood before the board:
'Now list to me, King Diderik,
My master has sent you word.

'Either tribute thou shalt pay,
As thou didst last year agree,
Or thou shalt meet us in the field,
And bloodshed there shall be.'

'I will not tribute pay, forsooth,
I scorn to stoop so low;
Nay, rather unto Birting's land
With sword unsheathed I go.'

Then answer'd Vitting Helfredson,
And loud he laughed with glee:
'If ye fare this year into Birting's land
I too of the troop shall be.'

'Last year wast thou in Birting's land,
And there didst lose thy steed;
Thou hadst better stay in Brattingsborg
Than again seek Birting's mead.'

'On me, if I stay in Brattingsborg
Be every malison;
If I have no horse on which to ride,
I have legs on which to run.'

There rode out from Brattingsborg
So many a knight renown'd;
The rocks were split 'neath the coursers' feet,
And quaked the startled ground.

There rode forth King Diderik,
The lion upon his shield;
And there too glittered the golden crown
So far across the field.

There rode Vidrik Verlandson,
The hammer and tongs he bore;
And there rode good King Esmer's sons,
All men of wondrous power.

There rode the rich Count Rodengard,
A warrior stout and fine;
And there rode King Sigfred, who
Displayed a monarch's sign,

Then followed Siward Snarenswayne,
With many arrows white;
And then came Brand Sir Viferlin,
Who never fled from fight.

And next rode Hero Hogen,
He looked a rose so brave;
And then rode Folker Spillemand,
In his hand a naked glaive.

Then rode the bold young Ulf Van Yern
A glorious horse upon;
Behind him young Sir Humble rode,
And then Sir Sigfredson.

And then rode Gunther and Gernot,
With arrow on bended bow;
And there rode Sonne Folkerson,
With courage upon his brow.

There rode the little Grimmer,
In golden acton dight;
And there rode Seyer the active,
Who yields to none in might.

And then came master Hildebrand,
As though to his courser fixt;
The stalwart friar Alsing rode,
The ancient hero next.

There rode Orm the Ungerswayne,
So bold of heart was he;
So joyous were they every one,
And sure of victory.

Out galloped they all from Brattingsborg,
As fast as they could speed;
But Vitting bold came running behind,
Because he had no steed.

It was hardy Angelfyr,
To Guncelin he cried:
'O, he must on his bare legs run
Who has no horse to ride!'

And still ran Vitting, and still ran he,
Till with wrath he nigh was wode;
Then he struck a warrior from his horse
And sat himself on, and rode.

It was Sir King Diderik,
He back a glance did throw:
'O yonder I see the courtier ride
Who on foot was wont to go.

'Hear thou, Vitting Helfredson,
Thou art a warrior bold;
Thou shalt hie forward to Birting's land,
And demand the tribute gold.

'With thee shall Vidrik Verlandson,
And Diderik knight of Bern;
Of all my troop they are best at blows,
And most for battle yearn.'

They set themselves upon their steeds,
And away they rode like wind;
The knights they roared, and their steeds they gored,
For wroth were they in mind.

The watchman stood on the battlement
From whence he far could see:
'Yonder I warriors three espy
Who wrathful seem to be.

'The one is Vitting Helfredson
Who lost his steed last year;
That a rugged guest he 'll prove to us
We have full cause to fear.

'The second is Vidrik Verlandson,
As the tongs and hammer shew;
The third is Diderik Van Bern,
All warriors good, I trow.'

They left their steeds in the castle yard,
To the castle strode they in;
Then might each man by their faces see
A fray would soon begin.

Upon the porter they laid their hands,
And him to pieces hew'd;
Then in they strode to the high, high hall,
And before the King they stood.

Then up rose Isald the King in rage,
And thus the King did cry:
'O, whence are come the ill-ſtarr'd loons
Before my board I spy?'

Then answered the skinker of the King,
Who skinkèd wine and mead:
'Our sharp spears, if we ply them well,
Will drive them out with speed.'

It was Vitting Helfredson,
By the beard the skinker has ta'en;
He smote him a blow the ear below,
Which dashed out half his brain.

He flung the dead corse on the board,
And a merry jeſt had he:
'Who 'll baſte,' said Vitting Helfredson,
'This precious roaſt for me?'

Then forth ſtepped Diderik Van Bern,
And, brandishing his glaive,
He hewed upon King Isald's head,
And him to the navel clave.

And forth ſtepped Vidrik Verlandson,
And round began to hew;
Heads and arms were smitten off
As round and round he flew.

In came King Isald's mother grey,
With an eldritch scream she came;
I tell to ye in verity
There ensued a wondrous game.

Vittting ſtruck her with his sword,
A very fearful ſtroke;
But she kissed asunder the good sword,
Into pieces three it broke.

With a single kiss of the witch's mouth
Was shivered the truſty sword;
Vitting the hag by the weasand seized,
Without a single word.

The beldame changed herself to a crane,
And flew to the clouds on high;
But Vitting donned a feather robe,
And pursued her through the sky.

They flew for a day, they flew for three,
Bold Vitting and the crane;
Then Vitting seized the crane by the legs,
And her body rent in twain.

Homeward now, with sword in hand,
The valiant comrades wended:
All the Birting kemps are dead,
And the adventure ended.

KING DIDERIK AND THE LION'S FIGHT WITH THE DRAGON

From Bern rode forth King Diderik,
A stately warrior form;
Engaged in fray he found in the way
A lion and laidly worm.*

They fought for a day, they fought for two,
But ere the third was flown,
The worm outfought the beast, and brought
To earth the lion down.

Then cried the lion in his need
When he the warrior saw:
'O aid me quick, King Diderik,
To 'scape the Dragon's claw.

'O aid me quick, King Diderik,
For the mighty God thou fearest;
A lion save for the lion brave,
Which on thy shield thou bearest.

'Come to my rescue, thou noble King,
Help, help me for thy name;
Upon thy targe I stand at large,
Glittering like a flame.'

* Dragon.

Long, long stood he, King Diderik,
Deep musing thereupon;
At length he cried: 'Whate'er betide,
I'll help thee, noble one.'

It was Sir King Diderik,
His good sword bare he made:
With courage fraught, the worm he fought,
Till blood tinged all the blade.

The gallant lord would not delay,
So fast his blows he dealt;
He hacked and gored until his sword
Was sundered at the hilt.

The Lindworm took him upon her back,
The horse beneath her tongue;
To her mountain den she hurried then
To her eleven young.

The horse she cast before her young,
The man in a nook she throws:
'Assuage your greed upon the steed,
But I will to repose.

'I pray ye feed upon the steed,
At present no more I can;
When I upleap, refreshed, from sleep,
We'll feast upon the man.'

It was Sir King Diderik,
In the hill he searched around;
Then, helped by the Lord, the famous sword
Called Adelring he found.

Aye, there he found so sharp a sword,
And a knife with a golden heft:
'King Sigfred be God's grace with thee,
For here thy life was reft!

'I've been with thee in many a fight,
In many an inroad too,
But that thy doom had been in this tomb
I never, never knew.'

It was Sir King Diderik
Would prove the faulchion's might;
He hewed upon the flinty stone
Till all around was light.

It was the youngest Lindworm saw
The sparks the hill illume:
'Who dares awake the fiery snake
In her own sleeping room?'

The Lindworm gnashed its teeth with rage,
Its grinning fangs it show'd:
'Who dares awake the mother snake
Within her own abode?'

Then spake the other little ones,
From the dark nooks of the hill:
'If from her sleep the old one leap,
'Twill fare with thee but ill.'

Then answered Sir King Diderik,
His eyes with fury gleam:
'I will awake your mother snake
With chilly, chilly dream.

'Your mother she King Sigfred slew,
A man of noble line;
I'll on ye all avenge his fall
With this good hand of mine.'

And then awaked the Lindworm old,
And on her fell such fear:
'Who thus with riot disturbs my quiet?
What noise is this I hear?'

Then said King Diderik: ''Tis I,
And this have I to say:
O'er hill and dale, 'neath thy crooked tail,
Thou brought'st me yesterday.'

'O hew me not, King Diderik,
I'll give thee all my hoard;
'Twere best that we good friends should be,
So cast away thy sword.'

'I pay no trust to thy false device,
Befool me thou wouldst fain;
Full many hast thou destroyed ere now,
Thou never shalt again.'

'Hear me, Sir King Diderik,
Forbear to do me ill,
And thee I'll guide to thy plighted bride,
She's hidden in the hill.

'Above by my head, King Diderik,
Is hung the little key;
Below by my feet to the maiden sweet
Descend thou fearlessly.'

'Above by thy head, thou serpent curst,
To begin I now intend;
Below by thy feet, as is full meet,
I soon shall make an end.'

Then first the laidly worm he slew,
And then her young he smote;
But in vain did he try from the mountain to fly,
For tongues of snakes thrust out.

So then with toil in the rocky soil
He dug a trench profound,
That in the flood of serpent blood
And bane he might not be drowned.

Then bann'd the good King Diderik,
On the lion he wroth became:
'Bann'd, bann'd,' said he, 'may the lion be,
Confusion be his and shame.

'With subtle thought the brute has brought
On me this grievous risk;
Which I ne'er had seen had he not been
Graved on my buckler's disk.'

And when the gallant lion heard
The King bewail his hap:
'Stand fast, good lord,' the lion roared,
'While with my claws I scrap.'

The lion scrapp'd, King Diderik hewed,
Bright sparks the gloom relieved;
Unless the beast had the knight released
He'd soon to death have grieved.

So when he had slain the laidly worm,
And her offspring all had kill'd,
Escaped the knight to the morning light,
With heavy cuirass and shield.

And when he had now come out of the hill,
For his gallant courser he sighed;
With reason good he trust him could,
For they had each other tried.

'O there's no need to bewail the steed,
Which thou, Sir King, hast miss'd;
I am thy friend, my back ascend,
And ride where'er thou list.'

So he rode o'er the deepest dales,
And o'er the verdant meads;
The knight he rode, the lion strode,
Through the dim forest glades.

The lion and King Diderik
Together thenceforth remain;
Each death had braved, and the other saved
From peril sore and pain.

Where'er King Diderik rode in the fields
The lion beside him sped;
When on the ground the knight sat down,
In his bosom he laid his head.

Wherefore they call him the lion knight,
With fame that name he bore;
Their love so great did ne'er abate
Until their dying hour.

THE GIANT OF BERN AND ORM UNGERSWAYNE

It was the lofty Jutt of Bern
  O'er all the walls he grew;
He was mad and ne'er at reſt,
  To tame him no one knew.

He was mad and ne'er at reſt,
  No lord could hold him in;
If he had long in Denmark ſtayed
  Much damage there had been.

It was the lofty Jutt of Bern
  Bound to his side his glaive,
And away to the monarch's house he rode
  With the knights a fray to have.

Now goes the lofty Jutt of Bern
  Before the King to ſtand:
'Thou shalt to me thy daughter give,
  And a brief for half thy land.

'Here as thou ſitt'ſt at thy wide board,
  Hail, Monarch of the Danes!
Thou shalt to me thy daughter give,
  And the half of thy domains.

'Thou shalt to me thy daughter give,
And divide with me thy land,
Or thou shalt find a kempion good
In the ring 'gainſt me to ſtand.'

'O thou shalt ne'er my daughter get,
Nor a brief for half my land,
I'll quickly find a kempion good
Shall fight thee hand to hand.'

Then ſtrode the Monarch of the Danes
To his caſtle hall amain:
'Now which of ye, my courtiers, will
The lovely Damsel gain?

'Here sit ye all my Danish swains
On whom I bread beſtow,
Now which of ye will risk his life
To lay the Berner low?

'I'll give to him my daughter dear,
The wondrous lovely may,
Who in the ring with Jutt of Bern
Shall dare the desperate fray.'

In silence all the kempions sat,
None dared reply a word,
Except alone Orm Ungerswayne,
The loweſt at the board.

Except alone Orm Ungerswayne,
He bounded o'er the board:
I tell to ye in verity
He spake a manly word.

'Wilt thou to me thy daughter give;
And divide with me thy land?
O then will I the kempion be,
Against the Jutt to stand.

'And well will I your daughter win,
And the prize alone will earn;
I am the lad to dare the fray
In the ring with the Jutt of Bern.'

It was the lofty Jutt of Bern,
He o'er his shoulder glar'd:
'O who may yonder mouseling be,
From whom those words I heard?'

'No mouseling I, though call me, Jutt,
A mouseling if you will,
My father was good Sigurd King
Who slumbers in his hill.'

'Ha! was thy sire good Sigurd King?
Thou'st something of his face,
Thou hast sprung up full wondrously
In fifteen winters' space.'

It was so late at evening tide,
The sun had reached the wave,
When Orm the youthful swain set out
To seek his father's grave.

It was the hour when grooms do ride
The coursers to the rill,
That Orm set out resolved to wake
The dead man in the hill.

Now strikes the bold Orm Ungerswayne
The hill with such a might,
It was I ween a miracle
It tumbled not outright.

Then stamped upon the hill so hard
Young Orm with heavy foot,
The arch was broke within the hill,
Which trembled to its root.

Then from the hill Orm's father cried,
Where he so long had lain:
'O cannot I in quiet lie
Within my murky den?

'Who dares so early break my rest,
And troubleth thus my bones?
Cannot I in quiet lie
Beneath my roof of stones?

'Who seeks at night the dead man's hill
And work this ruin all?
Let him fear, for now I swear
By Birting he shall fall.'

'I am thy son, thy youngest son,
Thy Orm, O father dear;
To beg a boon in mighty need
I come to seek thee here.'

'If thou art Orm my youngest son,
The kempion bold and brave,
Last year I gave to thee of gold,
All, all thy heart could crave.'

'Last year you gave me store of gold
On which I set no worth,
Now I this year must Birting have,
The bravest sword on earth.'

'Never shalt thou Birting get
To win the Monarch's daughter,
Until to Ireland thou hast been
To 'venge thy father's slaughter.'

'Give to me the Birting sword,
And with it bid me thrive,
Or I the hill above thee will
To thousand pieces rive.'

'Stretch thou down thy hand and take
My Birting from my side,
But if thou break thy father's hill
Much woe will thee betide.'

He cast to him the sword, its point
Appeared above the mould:
'Save good fate on thee shall wait
I ne'er shall be consol'd.'

He reached to him the sword, and placed
Its hilt within his grasp:
'Beneath its blows may all thy foes
Before thee sink and gasp.'

Then took the sword Orm Ungerswayne,
And on his shoulder plac'd;
And to the Monarch's hall he sped,
As fast as he could haste.

It was the lofty Jutt of Bern
With wrath was nearly wild:
'It ill becomes a man like me
To battle with a child.'

'Although I be but little, Jutt,
A fearless heart I keep,
And oftentimes a little hand
O'erturns a mighty heap.'

For two long days they fought, and when
The third to evening tended,
'Methinks,' exclaim'd the Berner Jutt,
'This fight will ne'er be ended.'

It was bold Orm Ungerswayne
His good sword brandish'd he,
And of the lofty Berner Jutt
Asunder cut the knee.

Loud bellowed then the Berner Jutt,
And loud he fell to ban:
'It ne'er was warrior custom yet
So low to strike one's man.'

'I was small, and thou wast tall,
Thy prowess I admire;
I only struck thy knee because
I could not reach thee higher.'

Then took the bold Orm Ungerswayne
His faulchion on his back,
And to the ocean strand he goes
As fast as he could make.

It was bold Orm Ungerswayne
He paced the yellow sand,
And lo! Sir Tord of Valland came
Swift sailing to the land.

Foremost upon the gilded prow
The Tord of Valland stands:
'O who is yonder little man
That walks upon the sands?'

'O I am Orm, the youthful swain,
A kempion bold and fine;
'Twas I that slew the Berner Jutt,
That uncle dear of thine.'

'If thou hast slain the Berner Jutt,
That uncle dear of mine,
'Twas I the King of Ireland slew,
Beloved father thine.'

It was Tord of Valland then
With faulchion struck the earth:
'Never will I make amends
By gold or money's worth.'

It was bold Orm Ungerswayne,
He grasped his faulchion's hilt:
'In vengeance for my father then
Shall valiant blood be spilt.'

It was the bold Orm Ungerswayne
He drew his trusty sword,
And at a single blow smote off
The head of Valland's Tord.

Valland's Tord he slew, and then
His followers every one;
Then speeds he to the Monarch's house
To claim the maid he'd won.

Then took the bold Orm Ungerswayne
The Atheling in his arm:
'Thou art my own, fair maid, for thee
I have confronted harm.'

O'er Helmer Isle the tidings run
As fast as levin fire,
That Orm the lovely maid has won,
And has avenged his sire.

THE END OF SIVARD SNARENSWAYNE

YOUNG Sivard he his ſtep-ſire ſlew
To avenge his mother's wrongs;
And now to ſport in the Monarch's court
Young Sivard ſorely longs.

It was Sivard Snarenswayne
To his mother's preſence ſtrode:
'Say, ſhall I ride from hence?' he cried,
'Or wend on foot my road?'

'O never ſhalt thou go on foot
Whilſt I've a horſe in ſtall;
I'll give thee the ſteed of matchleſs breed,
Which courtiers Grayman call.'

They led Grayman out of the ſtall,
His reins were gilt about;
His eyes were bright as the clear ſtar-light,
And fire from his bit ſprang out.

Off Sivard throws his gloves, like ſnows
The ſtripling's hands appeared;
And with all his force he girded the horſe,
For to truſt the groom he feared.

It was Sivard's mother dear,
In a kirtle red was clad:
'The horſe I fear will coſt thee dear,
And that fear makes me ſad.'

She followed him a long, long way,
Her heart was filled with woe:
'O take good heed of the Grayman steed,
He many a trick doth know!'

'Now list to me, my mother dear,
Quick cast your care aside;
To a son of worth thou hast given birth,
Who his horse full well can ride.'

Away they go, o'er bridges now,
And now o'er brooks in flood;
Clung so tight to his steed the knight
That his boots were filled with blood.

The horse he hurried o'er the wold,
Right past the crowded Ting;
Then wildly gazed the folk, amazed
That the horse he could so spring.

For fifteen nights and for fifteen days
The speed of their race endured;
Before them tall uprose a hall
With the gates all fast secured.

The Dane King stood on the battlement,
And thence looked far and wide:
'Some drunken peer is coming here,
Who his horse full well can ride.

'O that is either a drunken peer,
On courser good and keen;
Or that, I swear, is my sister's heir,
And in battle he has been.'

The horse did spit from his mouth the bit,
And, neighing, bounded high;
Then maids and dames forsook their games
And trembled fearfully.

Then maids and dames forsook their games,
And shook their weeds below;
To meet the boy, his sister's joy,
The King of the Danes did go.

It was the mighty King of the Danes,
And thus the King he cried:
'Ye archers, straight undo the gate,
And fling it open wide.'

It was Sivard Snarenswayne,
Through the portal in rode he;
Then dames fifteen of beauteous mien
Before him bent their knee.

The Dane King to his merry men spake:
'I rede ye treat him fair;
I tell to ye for a verity
No jesting he will bear.'

It was Sivard Snarenswayne,
He made his courser bound
Ten ells and more the ramparts o'er,
And thus his death he found.

From his gilded selle down Sivard fell,
Snapped Grayman's back outright;
Wept great and small in the Monarch's hall
For the wizard steed and knight.

MIMMERING TAN

The smallest man was Mimmering
E'er born in the land of Carl the King.

And ere he into the world was brought
His clothes already were for him wrought.

Ere yet he could walk across the floor,
A ponderous iron cuirass he bore.

And ere he had learnt to ride, to ride,
His father's sword to his hip he tied.

The first time he his sword could bear
A better knight breathed not the air.

So down he went to the salt sea strand,
As the merchants lay before the land.

He saw then, under the steep hill's side,
A knight with sheeny armour ride.

Coursing came he at headlong speed,
Grim as a lion was his steed.

'Now, gallant Sir Knight, to me attend,
Wilt let me with thee as a shield boy wend?'

'Thou art too little and young, I fear,
My heavy harness thou canst not bear."

At that word Mimmering wrathful grew,
The knight from his ſteed to earth he threw.

And much more harm to him was done,
He ſmote his head againſt a ſtone.

He clomb on the saddle and rode away,
He'll fain with other knights have a fray.

And when to the green wood he had won,
There met he Vidrik Verlandson.

'Well met, well met, thou ſtalwart knight,
Say, wilt thou for a fair maid fight?'

Then ſtraightway Vidrik made reply:
'I'll meet thee, dwarf, or no man am I.'

They fought for a day, they fought for twain,
Neither could from the other the victory gain.

So good ſtall-brotherſhip vowed have they,
Which ſhould endure to the judgment day.

How ſhould it endure that long time all?
It could not laſt till evening-fall.

THE TALE OF BRYNILD

Sivard he a colt has got,
The swiftest 'neath the sun;
Proud Brynild from the Hill of Glass
In open day he won.

Unto her did of knights and swains
The very flower ride;
Not one of them the maid to win
Could climb the mountain's side.

The hill it was both steep and smooth;
Upon its lofty head
Her sire had set her, knight nor swain
He swore with her should wed.

Soon to the Danish monarch's court
A messenger repaired,
To know if there was any one
To try the adventure dared.

'Twas talked about, and Sivard then
His purpose soon made known;
Said he: 'I'll try upon my colt
To bring Brynilda down.'

He rode away, the way was far,
The path was of the worst;
He saw the shining Glass Hill, where
The maid her durance curs'd.

And he away proud Brynild bore,
Nor deemed the adventure hard;
To bold Sir Nielus her he gave
To show him his regard.

Proud Brynild and proud Signelil,
Those maids of beauteous mien,
Down to the river's side they went
Their silken robes to clean.

'Now do thou hear, thou proud Brynild,
What now I say to thee,
Where didst thou get the bright gold ring
I on thy finger see?'

'How did I get the bright gold ring
Which on my hand you see?
That gave me Sivard Snareswayne
When he betrothed me.'

'And though young Sivard gave thee that
When he his love declar'd,
He gives thee to Sir Nielus now
In proof of his regard.'

No sooner that did Brynild hear,
The haughty-hearted may,
Than to the chamber high she went,
Where sick of rage she lay.

It was the proud Brynild there
Fell sick, and moaning lay;
And her the proud Sir Nielus then
Attended every day.

'Now hark to me, thou Brynild fair,
My mind is ill at ease;
Know'st thou of any medicine
Can cure thy sad disease?

'If there be aught this world within
Can make thee cease to moan,
That thou shalt have, e'en if it cost
All, all the gold I own.'

'I know of nought within this world
Can do my sickness good,
Except of Sivard Snareswayne
It be the hated blood.

'And there is nothing in this world
Which can assuage my pain,
Except of Sivard Snareswayne
The head I do obtain.'

'To draw of Sivard Snareswayne
The blood I have no might;
His neck is hard as burnished steel,
No sword thereon will bite.'

'O hark, Sir Nielus, hark to me,
My well-beloved lord,
Borrow of him his Adelring,
His famous trusty sword.

'Tell him thou needest it so oft
When thou dost wage a fight,
But soon as 'tis within thy hand
Hew off his head outright.'

It was the bold Sir Nielus then
His mantle he puts on;
To Sivard, his companion true,
To the high hall he's gone.

'Now hear, O Sivard Snareswayne,
Thy sword unto me lend,
For I unto the field of fight
Full soon my course must bend.'

'My trusty faulchion Adelring
I'll freely lend to thee;
No man be sure shall thee o'ercome,
However strong he be.

'My trusty faulchion Adelring
To thee I'll freely yield,
But oh! beware thee of the tears
Beneath the hilt conceal'd.

'Beware thee of those frightful tears,
They are all bloody red;
If down thy fingers they should run,
Thou wert that moment dead.'

Upstood the bold Sir Nielus then,
Drew out the sword amain;
One blow, and off the head is hewn
Of Sivard Snareswayne.

Beneath his mantle then he takes
The head, distilling blood,
And hurrying to the chamber high
Before Brynilda stood.

'Behold the head, the bloody head,
Thou didst so crave to gain;
For thee I've done a felon deed
Which gives my heart such pain.'

'O lay aside the bloody head,
It fills my heart with fright;
And come to me, my dearest lord,
Beneath the linen white.'

'I crave thee, woman, not to think
I came for sport and play;
Thou wast the wicked cause that I
From honour went astray.'

It was the bold Sir Nielus then
His faulchion he drew out;
It was the beauteous Brynild whom
He all to pieces smote.

'Now have I slain my comrade dear,
And eke my lovely may,
Yet still I am resolved in mind
A third, a third to slay.'

So then against the hard stone floor
He placed the trusty glaive;
To his heart's root the point in went,
And him his death wound gave.

'Twere better that this maid had died
Within her mother's womb,
Than that these princely men through her
To such an end should come.

Now will I rede each honest man
Well to deliberate ever;
Unequalled woman's cunning is,
Though guiles of men be clever.

She laughs when 'tis her wish to laugh,
And weeps when she will weep;
Whene'er she wants thy heart to move
Fair words on thee she'll heap.

Be she sick, or be she well,
In woman ne'er confide;
In murder red, by woman led,
His hands Sir Nielus dyed.

SWAYNE FELDING

Swayne Felding sits at Helsingborg,
He tells his deeds with pride;
Full blythe at heart I ween he was,
His faulchion at his side.

He vows that he on pilgrimage
To regal Rome will go;
And many a Danish warrior bold
Doth make the self-same vow.

So out they rode from Danish land,
And only two were they;
They stopped to rest them in a town,
Its name was Hovdingsey.

They stopped to rest in a lofty town,
Its name was Hovdingsey;
They guested with a Damsel proud,
A wondrous lovely may.

She placed Swayne highest at the board
Amidst a knightly band;
And then wherefrom they two were come
The Damsel did demand.

'Thou art no needy pilgrim, Sir,
Who honorest us this eve;
And that can I by thy small shirt
Hooked with red gold perceive.

'O I can plain by thy small shirt
With red gold hooked discern,
Thou art the King of Denmark come
To do us a noble turn.'

'I am not Denmark's King, fair maid,
Nor any thing so high;
I'm but a needy pilgrim, born
Within the Dane country.

'Now list to me, thou Damsel fair,
List kindly, I beseech,
There's many a child in Denmark born,
And with his own luck each.'

And there sat she the Damsel fair,
And the silken seam she sewed;
For every stitch she sew'd, a tear
From her eyes of beauty flowed.

'Now do thou hear, my Damsel dear,
Why dost so sorely grieve?
If thou declare thy bosom's care,
Perchance I can relieve.'

'Within our land a Giant lives
Who waste our land will lay;
Upon no other food than maids
And ladies will he prey.

'Within our country lives a Trold
From us our land will tear,
Unless we can procure a man
To fight with him will dare.

'But I have heard in all my days
That Danemen know no fear;
No doubt it is to help us now
That God has sent one here.'

'And had I horse and harness now
Well suited to my back,
Then would I break with him a spear,
Proud Damsel, for thy sake.'

They led three hundred horses forth,
Milk-white was every one;
But the first sank down like a messan dog
That Swayne laid the saddle on.

They led the Spanish horses forth,
Their eyes were very bright;
Swayne drew the bridle o'er their heads,
And straightway they took fright.

It was the brave Swayne Felding then
Was sorely sad in mood:
'O had I but a Danish horse
Who had eat of Denmark's food.

'Full fifteen golden rings so good
From Denmark I did bring,
But for a horse of Jutland breed
They every one should spring.'

Then up came striding a millerman
So gaily o'er the wold:
'O I have got a Danish horse,
In Denmark he was foal'd.

'A mottled Danish horse I've got,
In Saebylund was born;
He bears each time that he goes to mill
Full sixty bolls of corn.'

'Now hear thou, honest millerman,
Let me this same horse see,
For if we both be Daners born
We'll beat Italians three.'

Then forth was led the miller's horse,
He look'd a very Dane;
High hip, broad chest, the saddle gilt
Upon his back laid Swayne.

Away he cast his gloves so small,
His hands were white to see;
And he himself girded the noble horse,
The groom ne'er trusted he.

He girded the horse with a saddle girth,
He girded him with three;
The horse he gave a single shake,
And all broke instantly.

He girded the steed where he was most thick
With such tremendous force,
That the girth did fly into pieces ten,
And fell on his knee the horse.

'With fifteen golden rings so good
From Denmark out I sped,
But I with every one would part
Got I a good girth instead.

'Send ye a message o'er the mead
Unto the beauteous lady,
And beg her for her champion's steed
To get a new girth ready.'

Full fifteen were the Damsels proud
Who wove the ruddy gold,
And formed with care a saddle girth
Swayne Felding's horse to hold.

The maids of Hummer, the maids of Pommer,
And many more maids with heed,
Wove silk and gold to form a girth
For the mottled Danish steed.

The saddle girth was ready and made
By the early morning tide;
'Twas seven ells long, and a quarter thick,
And more than five span wide.

But when the horse he girded was,
So fierce he ramped and reared,
That there was none of Austria's men
But to look upon him feared.

'Now do thou hear, thou gallant horse,
I think thou'st human wit,
Before I mount thy back upon
I thee will ease a bit.

'Now do thy best, my gallant horse,
Who like a buck dost play;
Here may ye see, ye German knights,
Of Danish men the way.

'Now take away the crowned sword,
To bear it would break my vow;
And fetch ye hither a vessel's mast,
I'll wield it well, I trow.'

The first course they together rode
The Trold show'd mighty force,
Their splintered spears a furlong flew,
And down fell either horse.

'I would but prove my horse's strength,
I call not this a fight;
But meet me here to-morrow's morn
And harder thee I'll smite.'

Swayne Felding took the sacrament,
And round the churchyard paced;
Within his acton next his breast
The holy host he placed.

'And do thou hear, my Damsel fair,
Be never down at heart;
Either shall he the saddle quit
Or his tough neck shall start.'

Out of the city followed him
Alike both man and dame:
'O may God grant,' the people said,
'The Knight his foe may tame!'

'Now hand me not the puny lance
Which ye are wont to bear;
But do ye bring, for me to wield,
My native country's spear.'

And now the second course they ride,
Their cheeks with fury red;
The Devil's neck asunder went,
Flew o'er the mead his head.

His head flew into pieces nine,
His back asunder burst;
Swayne hied him to the Damsel's house,
There first he quenched his thirst.

Nine stately warriors out there came,
Took Swayne from off his steed:
'Broad lands on thee we will bestow
If thou wilt wed the maid.'

'O I'm betrothed to one as fair
In Ostland realms already;
For seven tons of ruddy gold
I would not prove unsteady.

'But build before your Hovdingsey
A house upon the mead,
And there to Danish pilgrims give
Good wine and best of bread.'

So Danish pilgrims there they give
Good wine and best of bread;
They pray for brave Swayne Felding's soul,
He now has long been dead.

THE STALWART MONK

Above the wood a cloister towers,
Gilt window it displays;
There lie before it Kempions twelve,
The cloister they will raze.

There lie before it Kempions twelve,
The cloister down will tear;
The oxen and the cows they slew
The monks should have for fare.

The Monk he out of the window looked,
Then shook both beam and wall;
'And be the Kemps no more than twelve,
I'll easily tame them all.'

The Monk he called to his serving lad:
'My club go fetch me in,
For I will out to the forest straight
And make them cease their din.'

It took fifteen to bring the club,
And they strain'd all their might;
The Monk took it up with fingers two
And swung it round so light.

He takes the club upon his back
And into the wood he 's gone,
And there met him the Kempions twelve
Would fain set him upon.

They drew a circle on the ground,
And each one troll'd a song;
I tell to ye for verity
He silenced them all ere long.

First slew he four, then slew he five,
At length he all has slain;
It was the Monk of the shaven crown
Would gladly fight again.

It was the monk of the shaven crown
Would seek for another fray,
So out of the wood across the wold
He blythely took his way.

So blythely out of the good green wood
He sped across the hill,
And there met him a hoary Trold
Whose name was Sivard Gill.

'If thou art the Monk of the shaven crown
Who scath'd the warrior band,
Thou either from me shalt shamefully flee
Or manfully 'gainst me stand.'

'I am the Monk of the shaven crown
Who slew the warrior band,
And never from thee will I shamefully flee
But like a man will stand.'

The first blow gave the Trold, it fell
Upon the Monk's shoulder down,
'Midst of his shoulder broke the skin,
Bebloodied was his gown.

The next blow gave the Monk, it struck
The Trold to the verdant sward:

'Now shame befall thee, shaven Monk,
The blows of thy club are hard.

'Now hold thy hand, thou shaven Monk,
And do not ſtrike me more,
And I will give thee ſilver and gold,
And of coin a plenteous ſtore.'

The Monk he ran, the Trold he crept,
Still equal was their height;
Then ſhewed he him a little houſe
With doors of gold ſo bright.

Then ſhewed he him a little houſe
With golden doors fifteen;
There got the Monk of ſilver and gold
All he could wiſh, I ween.

Seven laſts of ſilver, ſeven of gold,
To the cloiſters he caus'd convey;
He bade them find a monk could wield
A club in as brave a way.

'Twas drawing faſt to an evening hour
And the ſun went down to reſt,
Still fifteen Roman miles the Monk
To the cloiſter had at leaſt.

'Twas tending faſt to the evening tide
And the ſun to the earth did haſte,
Yet he ſeized the firſt diſh at the ſupper board
Ere the Abbot could get a taſte.

Full fifteen monks he knock'd down when
No pottage he eſpied,
And up he hung fifteen becauſe
The herrings were not fried.

Then out and spoke the little boy
Who waited at the meal:
'Each time the Monk to the cloister comes
He thus with us will deal.'

And it was getting late at night
And folks to bed should hie,
Then because the Abbot sat too long
He struck him out an eye.

The Abbot hurried off to bed,
No longer dared remain;
I say to ye for verity
He felt both shame and pain.

'Twas early in the morning tide,
The bells began to ring;
It was the Monk of the shaven crown
Would neither read nor sing.

So stately strode he up the choir
Where the monks and nuns they stand,
Not one of them dared read or sing
For fear of his stalwart hand.

So they the Abbot pious and good
To a simple monk debased,
And they the Monk of the shaven crown
As Abbot o'er them placed.

And he the cloister held with might
Till thirty years were flown;
Then died as Abbot in mighty fame,
The Monk of the shaven crown.

THE DALBY BEAR

THERE goes a bear on Dalby moors,
Oxen and horses he devours.

The peasants are in deep distress
The laidly bear should them oppress.

Their heads together at length they lay,
How they the bear might seize and slay.

They drove their porkers through the wood,
The bear turn'd round as he lay at food.

Outspoke as best he could the bear:
'What kind of guests approach my lair?'

Uprose the bear amain from his food,
A Christian man before him stood.

A little hour together they fought,
The bear to the earth the man has brought.

Fast came a knight as he could make,
He heard the heart of the peasant break.

The bear upon him fiercely glar'd:
'Thou needst not hurry, I'm prepar'd.

'And thou by me shalt be stoutly met,
So thou may'st vapour and thou may'st threat.

'If thou hast spear and nimble hand,
I've claws and teeth at my command.'

They fought for a day, they fought for two,
And so on the third they continu'd to do.

But when to night the fourth day drew,
The bear to the earth the warrior threw.

'Thou wilt no victory gain from me,
Thou haughty knight, thou may'st certain be.

'I late was the son of a powerful King,
A Queen me into the world did bring.

'My Step-dame chang'd me, as you see,
She'd ruin me to eternity.

'About the wild forest I have run,
To the boors much scathe and violence done.

'In winter and in summer's tide
In peace for me they could not bide.

'But they may thank my cruel Dame,
For 'twas through her I a bear became.

'She plac'd around my neck so tight
An iron band in wrath and spite.

'If thou this accursed band canst break,
Thy life from thee I will not take.'

'O I will help thee from thy thrall;
Maria's son, who has power for all,

'Will loosen from thee this stubborn band,
Full able thereto is his right hand.'

O'er him the cross the knight did make,
The iron burst from the bruin's neck.

He became a youth as fair as day,
His father's realm he went to sway.

A noble maid awaits the knight,
The hand of the Monarch's sister bright.

They liv'd together in honor and joy,
To the cruel Step-dame's great annoy.

A hard flint rock she soon became,
For herself she earn'd both woe and shame.

THE HEDDEBY SPECTRE

At evening fall I chanced to ride,
My courser to a tree I tied.
So wide thereof the story goes.

Against a stump my head I laid,
And then to slumber I essay'd.
So wide thereof the story goes.

As soon as sleep had closed my eye,
The murdered man to me drew nigh.
So wide thereof the story goes.

'And if thy race to mine belongs,
I call thee to avenge my wrongs.
So wide thereof the story goes.

'And thou to Heddeby shalt ride,
For there my kith and kin reside.
So wide thereof the story goes.

'My father dwells there, and my mother,
There dwell my sister and my brother.
So wide thereof the story goes.

'There Kirsten dwells, my lovely wife,
And it was she who took my life.
So wide thereof the story goes.

'Her sleeping husband stifled she,
With aid of cursed beldames three.
So wide thereof the story goes.

'Then in a truss of hay concealed,
They brought me forth to this wide field.
So wide thereof the story goes.

'The page I loved the best of all,
Now rides upon my courser tall.
So wide thereof the story goes.

'Eats daily with my silver knife,
And sleeps with Kirsten fair, my wife.
So wide thereof the story goes.

'He sitteth highest at the board,
My children tremble at his word.
So wide thereof the story goes.

'To them he gives so little bread,
And mocks them now that I am dead.
So wide thereof the story goes.

'He rides about the forest grounds,
And hunts the red deer with my hounds.
So wide thereof the story goes.

'Each time the caitiff slays a deer,
He wakes me in my grave so drear.
So wide thereof the story goes.

'But if I to him once repair,
With him 'twill sorely, sorely fare.'
So wide thereof the story goes.

THE RETURN OF THE DEAD

Swayne Dyring o'er to the island strayed;
And were I only young again!
He wedded there a lovely maid—
To honied words we list so fain.

Together they lived seven years and more;
And were I only young again!
And seven fair babes to him she bore—
To honied words we list so fain.

Then death arrived in luckless hour;
And were I only young again!
Then died the lovely lily flower—
To honied words we list so fain.

The Swayne he has crossed the salt sea way,
And were I only young again!
And he has wedded another may—
To honied words we list so fain.

And he that may to his home has brought;
And were I only young again!
But peevish was she, and with malice fraught—
To honied words we list so fain.

And when she came to the castle gate,
And were I only young again!
The seven children beside it wait—
To honied words we list so fain.

The children stood in sorrowful mood,
And were I only young again !
She spurned them away with her foot so rude—
To honied words we list so fain.

Nor bread nor meat will she bestow ;
And were I only young again !
Said, ' Hate ye shall have and the hunger throe '—
To honied words we list so fain.

She took away the bolsters blue ;
And were I only young again !
' Bare straw will serve for the like of you '—
To honied words we list so fain.

Away she's ta'en the big wax light ;
And were I only young again !
Said she, ' Ye shall lie in the murky night '—
To honied words we list so fain.

The babies at night with hunger weep ;
And were I only young again !
The woman heard that in the grave so deep—
To honied words we list so fain.

To God's high throne such haste she made ;
And were I only young again !
' O I must go to my babies' aid '—
To honied words we list so fain.

She begged so loud, and she begged so long,
And were I only young again !
That at length consent from her God she wrung—
To honied words we list so fain.

'But thou must return when the cock shall crow,
And were I only young again!
No longer tarry must thou below'—
To honied words we list so fain.

Then up she struck with her stark thigh bone,
And were I only young again!
And burst through wall and marble stone—
To honied words we list so fain.

And when to the dwelling she drew nigh,
And were I only young again!
The hounds they yelled to the clouds so high—
To honied words we list so fain.

And when to the castle gate she won,
And were I only young again!
Her eldest daughter stood there alone—
To honied words we list so fain.

'Hail, daughter mine, what dost thou here?
And were I only young again!
How fare thy brothers and sisters dear?'—
To honied words we list so fain.

'O dame, thou art no mother of mine,
And were I only young again!
For she was a lady fair and fine—
To honied words we list so fain.

'A lady fine with cheeks so red,
And were I only young again!
But thou art pale as the sheeted dead'—
To honied words we list so fain.

'O how should I be fine and sleek?
And were I only young again!
How else than pale should be my cheek?—
To honied words we list so fain.

'And how should I be white and red?
And were I only young again!
Beneath the mould I've long been dead'—
To honied words we list so fain.

And when she entered the high, high hall,
And were I only young again!
Drowned with tears stood the babies all—
To honied words we list so fain.

Then one she combed, the other she brushed,
And were I only young again!
The third she dandled, the fourth she hushed—
To honied words we list so fain.

The fifth upon her breast she plac'd,
And were I only young again!
And allowed the babe of the breast to taste—
To honied words we list so fain.

To her eldest daughter she turned her eye;
And were I only young again!
'Go call Swayne Dyring instantly'—
To honied words we list so fain.

And when Swayne Dyring before her stood,
And were I only young again!
She spake to him thus in wrathful mood—
To honied words we list so fain.

'I left behind both ale and bread;
And were I only young again!
My children with hunger are nearly dead—
To honied words we list so fain.

'I left behind me bolsters blue;
And were I only young again!
Upon bare straw my babes I view—
To honied words we list so fain.

'I left behind the big wax light;
And were I only young again!
My children lie in the murk at night—
To honied words we list so fain.

'If again I'm forced to seek thee here,
And were I only young again!
Befall thee shall a fate so drear—
To honied words we list so fain.

'But hark! the ruddy cock has crow'd,
And were I only young again!
The dead must return to their abode—
To honied words we list so fain.

'I hear, I hear the black cock crow;
And were I only young again!
The gates of heaven are opening now—
To honied words we list so fain.

'The white cock claps his wings so wide,
And were I only young again!
No longer here I dare to bide'—
To honied words we list so fain.

Each time the dogs began to yell,
And were I only young again !
They gave the children bread and ale—
To honied words we list so fain.

As soon as they heard of the hounds the cry,
And were I only young again !
They feared the ghost was drawing nigh—
To honied words we list so fain.

Whene'er the dogs were heard to rave,
And were I only young again !
They feared the woman had left her grave—
To honied words we list so fain.

THE TRANSFORMED DAMSEL

I TAKE my axe upon my back,
To fell the tree I mean;
Then came the man the wood who owned,
And thrust his heft between.

'If thou hew down my father's grove,
And me this damage do,
If I but see thee fell the tree
Thou dearly that shalt rue.'

'O let me hew this single tree,
Nor to resist me seek;
Unless I yonder bird obtain
With grief my heart will break.'

'Now list, thou fair and gallant swain,
To me incline thine ear!
Thou ne'er wilt yonder bird obtain
Unless some bait thou bear.'

From off my breast the bait I cut,
And hung it on the bough:
The breast it bled, the bait it reeked,
Mine is the birdie now.

Down flew the lovely little bird,
Fluttering its wings o'erjoyed;
It seemed to smile as if the guile
It knew that I employed.

It clawed and picked so hastily,
So well did smack the bait;
And still the more it seemed to please
The more the birdie ate.

Down flew the lovely little bird,
Alighting on the sand;
The loveliest damsel she became,
And gave the youth her hand.

THE TRANSFORMED DAMSEL

My father up of the country rode,
A maiden he would wed;
And a foul witch he married then,
If the whole truth be said.

The first night they together slept,
She was a mother kind to me;
But when the second night arrived,
A cruel stepmother was she.

I was seated at my father's board
With dogs and whelps amused;
Towards me striding my stepmother came,
And cruelly me she used.

She changed me to a little hind,
Bade me into the forest wend;
My seven maids then she changed to wolves,
And ordered them my flesh to rend.

But my seven maids would rend me not,
So dearly me they loved;
Then vexèd sore my step-dame was,
That no worse my fortune proved.

Sir Orm he serves in the King's palace,
A Knight he is so fair;
He sighs for the maiden day and night,
But in secret he keeps his care.

Sir Orm he rode from the King's palace,
He could enjoy no peace;
He rode into the good green wood,
The hart and hind to chase.

Sir Orm set his bow his knee before,
He rode to the hind so near;
But the hind would not from the sleuthhounds flee,
For the Knight to her was dear.

But the hounds advanced to the hind so near,
That the hind was forced to fly;
She changed herself to a little bird,
And flew high up in the sky.

Anon down flew the little bird,
Perched a linden bough upon;
Sir Orm he stood there down below,
And sorely did he moan.

Down flew the lovely little bird,
And 'gan on the bait to feast,
Which out of his bosom Sir Orm had cut,
So well it pleased her taste.

And then the lovely little bird
Dropped down on the yellow sand,
And she became the fairest Damsel,
Was ever seen in the land.

The Damsel stood under the linden bough,
Freed was she now from thrall;
Sir Orm he stood no near thereby,
They related their sorrows all.

'Many thanks to thee, Sir Orm the bold,
Thou 'st freed me from my woe;
Except beside my snow-white side
Thou sleep shalt nevermoe.'

Thanks be to him, Sir Orm the bold,
He kept his faith so well;
The Monday morn thereafter
His bridal it befell.

THE SERPENT KNIGHT

SIGNELIL sits in her bower alone,
Of her golden harp she waked the tone.

Beneath her mantle her harp she played,
Then in came striding the worm so laid.

'Proud Signelil, if thou me wilt wed,
I 'll give thee store of gold so red.'

'Forbid the heavenly God so great
That I should become the Lindworm's mate.'

'Since thee I may not for a wife acquire,
Kiss me only and I'll retire.'

The linen so white betwixt she placed,
And the laidly worm she kissed in haste.

With his tail of serpent up strook he,
From beneath her dress the blood ran free.

The Lindworm down from the chamber strode,
Wringing her hands behind she trode.

And when she came out upon the stair,
Her seven bold brothers met her there.

'Welcome, our sister, whither dost hie?
Keep'st thou the Lindworm company?'

'Ah, yes! with the laidly worm I go,
Because hard fate will have it so.'

The Lindworm into the mountain strode,
Wringing her hands behind she trode.

She fell on her knee, and her prayer she made,
'Now son of Mary, deign to aid.'

And when he had come to the mountain in,
Off he cast his serpent's skin.

His snake's appearance off he shook,
And the form of a stately knight he took.

'Thanks for thy trouble, proud Signelil,
Now live and die with thee I will.'

Now is proud Signild free from fright,
In a prince's arm she sleeps each night.

YOUNG SWAIGDER, OR THE FORCE OF RUNES

It was the young Swaigder,
With the little ball he played;
The ball flew into the Damsel's lap,
And pale her cheeks it made.

The ball flew into the Damsel's bower,
He went of it in quest;
Before he out of the bower came,
Much care had filled his breast!

'The ball, the ball thou shouldst not fling,
Shouldst cast it not at me;
There sits a maid in a foreign land,
She sighs and weeps for thee.

'Thou never more shalt peace obtain,
Or close in sleep thine eyes,
Till thou hast freed the lovely maid,
In thrall for thee that lies.'

It was the young Swaigder,
Placed his cap upon his head,
And into the high chamber
Unto his knights he sped.

'Here, quaffing mead from out the shell,
Sit ye, my Courtmen bold,
Whilst I go to the mountain drear,
Speech with the Dead to hold!

'Here, quaffing mead and ruddy wine,
Sit ye, my men so brave,
Whilst I go to the mountain drear,
With my mother speech to have!'

It was the young Swaigder,
And he began to call—
Riven were wall and marble stone,
And the hill began to fall.

'Who is it breaks my sleep,
And works me such annoy?
Deep, deep below the earth so swart
Can I not peace enjoy?'

'O, it is the young Swaigder,
The son thou lovest dear;
He fain would good advice from thee,
His darling mother, hear.

'For I have now a step-mother,
So harsh she is of mood,
And she upon me Runes has cast
For a maid I ne'er have view'd.'

'I will give thee a noble horse,
Shall bear thee at thy need,
And he will run upon the sea
As on the verdant mead.

'And I will to thee a napkin give,
'Tis of Ager wool entire,
Before thee on the board shall stand,
What meat thou shalt desire.

'I will to thee a deer's horn give,
Mark well its golden gleam;
All the drink thou wishest for,
From the golden horn shall stream.

'And I will give to thee a sword,
Hardened in Dragon's blood;
It will glitter like a beam
When thou ridest through the wood.

'I will give to thee a barque,
Its white sails silk shall be;
Shall move as well on the verdant earth
As on the foaming sea.'

Their silken sails on the gilded yard
So wide, so wide they spread;
Away they sailed to the distant land,
Where dwelt the lovely maid.

And they have cast their anchors
Upon the yellow sand;
It was the young Swaigder
Who stepped the first to land.

It was the young Swaigder,
His ship to the shore he steers;
And the first man there that met him,
Was a man of many years.

It was then the ancient man
Was the first to make enquire:
'O, what is the name of the young swain
With the sword, and the look of fire?'

'O, he is hight young Swaigder,
So wide his fame doth fly;
And he for a maid is pining sore
On whom he ne'er set eye.'

'There is within this land a maid,
Who pining long hath been
For a swain that hight is Swaigder,
And him she ne'er has seen.'

'If longs she after a young swain
On whom she ne'er set eye,
And he is hight young Swaigder,
He is here in verity.

'Now do thou hear, thou ancient man,
If it as thou sayest be,
Become I King upon this land,
I'll make a count of thee.'

''Midst of yonder verdant wood
Stands the castle of the maid;
The house is of grey marble stone,
The court with steel belaid.

'The house is of grey marble stone,
The court with steel is floored,
The portal is of ruddy gold,
Twelve bears before it guard.

'In middle of the maiden's court
A linden spreads its shade,
If truly thou art Swaigder,
Hie forward unafraid.'

Away then rode young Swaigder,
Cast towards the gate his eye;
And all the locks that before it hung,
Down fell they instantly.

Then withered the leaf, then withered the linden,
And the grass at the linden's root;
And the twelve bears who the portal guard
They fell at the hero's foot.

When he came into the castle-court,
He smoothèd his array,
Then proudly up to the high, high hall
To the King he took his way.

'Hail to thee, hail to thee, heathen King,
Who dost at the wide board sit,
Wilt thou give me thy daughter fair?
Return me an answer fit.'

'I have no daughter, I have no daughter,
No daughter but one have I;
And she so sorely longing
For a young swain doth lie.

'For a young swain whom she has never seen
My daughter longing lies;
The swain he hight is Swaigder,
So far his fame it hies.'

In went the little serving boy,
Wore a kirtle white to see:
'If thou dost long for Swaigder,
Know that hither come is he.'

In then came the lovely maid,
In white silk clad was she:
'Now welcome, welcome, my dearest heart,
Young Swaigder, welcome be!'

'Wilt thou consent baptized to be,
And the Christian faith receive,
And follow me to Denmark,
With young Swaigder to live?'

'Willingly I baptized will be,
Will the Christian faith receive;
And will follow thee to Denmark,
Young Swaigder, with thee to live.'

On a Thursday she baptizèd was,
She the Christian faith received;
On a Sunday they their bridal held,
And ever in peace they lived.

They kept their bridal feast for a day,
They kept the same for nine;
And there sat waiting the ancient man,
And through all of them did pine.

Be thanks to brave young Swaigder,
He kept so well his word;
A knight he made of that ancient man,
Set him highest at the board.

Now joyful is young Swaigder,
His trouble all has fled;
He King became upon that land,
She Queen, when her sire was dead.

THE WICKED STEPMOTHER

Sir Peter o'er to the island strayed—
All underneath a linden wide.
He weds Mettelil, so fair a maid—
In such peril with her through the forest ride.

Bracelets of gold he given her hath,
That fills his mother's breast with wrath.

'If thou wed a maid against my desire,
With her first babe she shall expire!'

He weds her and home he her has ta'en,
To meet her his mother will not deign.

When they together a year had dwelt,
Herself with child proud Mettelil felt.

Out and in they Mettelil bear,
Death has to her approached so near.

'Since neither live nor die I may,
Take me whence a maid ye brought me away.'

Thereto the Stepmother made reply,
She was tow'rds her disposed maliciously:

'The horses graze upon the mead,
And the coach swains heavy they sleep in bed.'

Sir Peter he ſtood a little apart,
Mettelil has ſo grieved his heart.

The coach to her country was turned in haſte,
And the horſes before it were quickly placed.

And when they came to the verdant moor,
Her chariot broke into pieces four.

'What mighty crime can I have done,
That my own coach 'neath me will not run?'

Sir Peter at no great diſtance hied,
He was ſo near he all eſpied.

'We forthwith will find a remedy,
Thou ſhalt ride and walk will I.'

'Each noble Dame will know how fit
I am in this plight in the ſaddle to ſit.'

Proud Mettelil came to her father's abode,
Her father abroad to receive her ſtrode.

'Welcome, Mettelil, daughter mine,
How ſpeedeſt thou with that burden of thine?'

'So ſpeeding am I, ſuch plight I am in,
That upon this earth no reſt can I win.'

Little Kirſten a may was of goodneſs rife,
Dearly ſhe loved her brother's wife.

She to her brother was true of heart,
Of wax two babes ſhe formed with art.

She wrapt them up in the linen fair,
And took them beneath her cloak with care.

She took them beneath her cloak with care,
And them to her mother she ſtraightway bare.

'My dearеſt mother, no longer grieve,
The babes of your son in your arms receive.'

'Has Mettelil forth these little sons brought?
Then my dark Runes have availed nought.

'Air and earth I have spelled, save the spot alone,
The little spot, my cheſt ſtood upon.

'Oh I enchanted have as wide
As she could either walk or ride.

'I have enchanted both earth and wood,
Save the spot whereon my cheſt it ſtood.'

No sooner she the words had said,
Than proud Mettelil on the place was laid.

And when she had come where ſtood the cheſt,
Straight of two sons was she released.

That Sir Peter's mother so mortified,
Full quickly of rage and spite she died.

THE TREACHEROUS MERMAN

'Now rede me, mother,' the merman cried,
'How Marsk Stig's daughter may be my bride.'

She made him of water a noble steed,
Of sands a saddle, and reins of reed.

To a young knight chang'd she then her son,
And to Mary's church at speed he 's gone.

To the church's ring his steed he bound,
And three times backward the church pac'd round.

When in he strode so proud and tall
Away the images turned them all.

The priest was standing with open book:
'O who is yon knight of stately look?'

Then laughed the maiden within her sleeve:
'If he were my husband I should not grieve.'

He stepp'd over benches one and two:
'O Marsk Stig's daughter, I doat on you.'

He stepped over benches three and four:
'Give me thy troth I thee implore.'

She gave him her hand with an air so free;
'Here take thy troth, I will go with thee.'

A bridal train from church they go,
They danced so lightly and free from woe.

And when they came to the salt sea ſtrand,
The little boats turn'd away from the land.

'Now Marsk Stig's daughter, hold my ſteed,
To cross the water a boat we need.'

To a little boat he chang'd his ſteed,
And over the waves away they speed.

And when in the midſt of the Sound they were,
Dissolv'd the boat into water fair.

Up the land far was heard the cry
Of Marsk Stig's maid in her agony.

Now will I caution each maiden bright,
To dance not away with an unknown knight.

THE FOUNTAIN OF MARIBO, OR THE QUEEN AND THE ALGREVE

THE Algreve* he his bugle wound
The long night all—
The Queen in bower heard the sound,
I'm passion's thrall.

The Queen her little page address'd,
The long night all—
'To come to me the Greve request,'
I'm passion's thrall.

He came, before the board stood he,
The long night all—
'Wherefore, O Queen, hast sent for me?'
I'm passion's thrall.

'As soon as e'er my lord is dead,
The long night all—
Thou shalt rule o'er my gold so red,'
I'm passion's thrall.

'O speak not, Queen, in such wild style,
The long night all—
Thou know'st not who may list the while,'
I'm passion's thrall.

She fondly thought alone they were,
The long night all—
There stood the King, to all gave ear,
I'm passion's thrall.

* A title of dignity, equivalent to that of Count.

The King two serving men address'd,
The long night all—
'To come to me the Queen requeſt,'
I'm passion's thrall.

'Hear thou, my Queen, so fair and sleek,
The long night all—
What with the Algreve didſt thou speak?'
I'm passion's thrall.

'The speech that I with him did hold,
The long night all—
Was all about thy actions bold,'
I'm passion's thrall.

The King two servants did command,
The long night all—
'Bid ye the Greve before me ſtand,'
I'm passion's thrall.

'Hear thou, my Greve, what with my Queen
The long night all—
Didſt thou discourse of yeſtere'en?'
I'm passion's thrall.

'The whole discourse that we did hold,
The long night all—
Was of thy virtues manifold,'
I'm passion's thrall.

The King his little page address'd,
The long night all—
'To come to me the cook requeſt,'
I'm passion's thrall.

'Thou cook, the Greve to pieces chop,
The long night all—
And to thy Lady serve him up.'
I'm passion's thrall.

Long sat the Queen, the meat she eyed,
The long night all—
'This is no Roe, I'm satisfied,
I'm passion's thrall.

'But 'tis the Greve our hall who grac'd.'
The long night all—
The pieces she collects in haste,
I'm passion's thrall.

She wrapped them in white ermine skin,
The long night all—
A gilded chest she placed them in.
I'm passion's thrall.

She them collects, then wends her slow,
The long night all—
Unto the fount of Maribo.
I'm passion's thrall.

She dipped them in the water pure,
The long night all—
'Rise, Christian man, I thee conjure!'
I'm passion's thrall.

The man arose, and thanked his God,
The long night all—
Then from the country forth he trod.
I'm passion's thrall.

THE POWER OF THE HARP

Sir Peter would forth from the caſtle ride,
Grieving and weeping did ſit his young bride.
Belov'd of my heart, wherefore ſorroweſt thou ſo?

'Art grieving for ſaddle, or ſteed black or white,
Or because I have wed thee art thou in this plight?'
Belov'd of my heart, wherefore ſorroweſt thou ſo?'

'I grieve not for ſaddle, or ſteed black or white,
Nor because thou haſt wed me am I in this plight.'
Belov'd of my heart, wherefore ſorroweſt thou ſo?'

'Doſt ſorrow because little wealth I have got,
Or doſt ſorrow because thine equal I'm not?'
Belov'd of my heart, wherefore ſorroweſt thou ſo?

'I ſorrow not because little of wealth thou haſt got,
Nor grieve I because thou mine equal art not.'
Belov'd of my heart, wherefore ſorroweſt thou ſo?

'Doſt ſorrow because thy fond father is dead,
Or doſt ſorrow because thou 'rt no longer a maid?'
Belov'd of my heart, wherefore ſorroweſt thou ſo?

'I grieve not because my dear father is dead,
Nor ſorrow I because that I am not a maid.
Belov'd of my heart, wherefore ſorroweſt thou ſo?

'I grieve and I weep, and to grieve I have need,
I know but too well what for me is decreed.
Belov'd of my heart, wherefore ſorroweſt thou ſo?

'For the bridge, the broad bridge, I sorrow much more,
For oh! my five sisters together fell o'er.
Belov'd of my heart, wherefore sorrowest thou so?

'I think of the stream, and I sorrow much more,
My sisters sank in it and never rose more.'
Belov'd of my heart, wherefore sorrowest thou so?

'My dearest, my dearest, cast sorrow aside,
Before thee shall twelve of my merry men ride.
Belov'd of my heart, wherefore sorrowest thou so?

'Before thee shall twelve of my merry men speed,
And I will myself hold the reins of thy steed.'
Belov'd of my heart, wherefore sorrowest thou so?

And when they arrived in the green forest shade
A hart they beheld at gold tables that played.
Belov'd of my heart, wherefore sorrowest thou so?

All stopped at the strange brown hart to take heed,
And allowed the young bride by herself to proceed.
Belov'd of my heart, wherefore sorrowest thou so?

And as the broad bridge she went galloping o'er,
Stumbled her steed on his golden shoes four.
Belov'd of my heart, wherefore sorrowest thou so?

Golden shoes four, each with golden nails three,
And the bride was cast into the boiling sea.
Belov'd of my heart, wherefore sorrowest thou so?

Sir Peter he turned at her terrified cry,
But the bride she had sunk 'neath the waters high.
Belov'd of my heart, wherefore sorrowest thou so?

He called to his men as their hands they wring:
'Bring quickly my harp with the golden string!'
Belov'd of my heart, wherefore sorrowest thou so?

Sir Peter began with such sweetness to play,
That the birds all sang as they sat on the spray.
Belov'd of my heart, wherefore sorrowest thou so?

The Merman rose from the depths of the sea,
And the fair young bride by the hand led he.
Belov'd of my heart, wherefore sorrowest thou so?

'Sir Peter, Sir Peter, thy playing give o'er,
Thy beautiful bride to thy arms I restore.'
Belov'd of my heart, wherefore sorrowest thou so?

'For my bonny bride only I will not give o'er,
Her five sisters also thou must restore.'
Belov'd of my heart, wherefore sorrowest thou so?

Anew 'gan Sir Peter so sweetly to play,
That the birds came down from their seat on the spray.
Belov'd of my heart, wherefore sorrowest thou so?

The Merman arose from the depth of the sea,
Five pretty maids by the hand led he.
Belov'd of my heart, wherefore sorrowest thou so?

'Sir Peter, Sir Peter, thy playing give o'er,
For in truth have I now no maidens more.'
Belov'd of my heart, wherefore sorrowest thou so?

From her anguish now is the Lady free,
In the arm of St. Peter each night sleeps she.
Belov'd of my heart, wherefore sorrowest thou so?

ERIK EMUN AND SIR PLOG

Early at morn the lark sang gay—
(*All underneath so green a hill*)
Sir Carl by his bed put on his array—
(*The Danish King will 'venge his fill.*)

He drew on his shirt as white as milk,
Then his doublet foisted with verdant silk.

His legs in his buckskin boots he placed,
And around them his gilded spurs he braced.

His gilded spurs there around he braced,
And away to the Ting he rode in haste.

Sir Carl he galloped along the way,
Such wondrous things he proved that day.

Sir Carl he galloped up to the Ting,
The crowd before him scattering.

To warriors nine the Dane-King cries:
'Bind ye Sir Carl before my eyes.'

Up then amain the nine warriors rise,
They bound Sir Carl 'fore their sovereign's eyes.

And out from the town Sir Carl they convey'd,
And upon a new wheel his body laid.

To Sir Plog then quickly a messenger came :
'The Dane-King has broken thy brother's frame.'

Sir Plog he sprang o'er the wide, wide board,
But returned in answer no single word.

In his buckskin boots his shanks he cased
And around his gilded spurs he braced.

His gilded spurs there around he tied,
And away to the Ting the noble hied.

And fast and furious was his course,
So leapt and bounded his gallant horse.

Up, up to the Ting Sir Plog he goes,
And up to receive him the Dane-King rose.

'If I had been earlier here to-day,
Then things had turned out in a better way.

'My brother is wheeled though he did no wrong,
That deed, Dane-King, thou shalt rue ere long.

'If four hours sooner I had but come,
My brother, for certain, had followed me home.

'Deprived of his life doth my brother lie,
Dane-King, thou hast lost thine honour thereby.'

The Dane-King so fitting an answer returned :
'Thy brother full richly his death had earned.

'When the great with sword can oppress the mean
The law is not worth a rotten bean.'

'My brother, Sir King, was good and bold,
I could have redeemed him with silver and gold.'

'Thy silver and gold I hold at nought,
The law shall have the course it ought.

'And since thou so long on this matter dost prate,
Thou shalt suffer the very same fate.'

To warriors nine the Dane-King cries:
'Bind ye Sir Plog before my eyes.'

'If a truly brave man, Dane-King, thou be,
Do thou thyself bind and fetter me.'

The King off his hands the little gloves took,
Sir Plog his spear with vehemence shook.

He first slew four, then five he slew,
And the Dane-King himself with his warriors true.

When all the King's men he dead had laid,
His gallant brother he home convey'd.

To Ribe the royal corse they bear,
Where it rests 'neath a tomb of marble fair.

But Sir Plog he went to a foreign shore,
No word they heard of him evermore.

THE KING'S WAKE

To-night is the night that the wake they hold,
To the wake prepare both young and old.

Proud Signelil she her mother address'd:
'May I go watch along with the rest?'

'O what at the wake wouldst do, my dear?
Thou 'st neither sister nor brother there,

'Nor brother-in-law to protect thy youth.
To the wake thou must not go, forsooth.

'There be the King and his warriors gay,
If me thou list thou at home wilt stay.'

'But the Queen will be there and her maiden crew,
Pray let me go, mother, the dance to view.'

So long, so long begged the maiden young,
That at length from her mother consent she wrung.

'Then go, my child, if thou needs must go,
But thy mother ne'er went to the wake, I trow.'

Then through the thick forest the maiden went,
To reach the wake her mind was bent.

When o'er the green meadows she had won,
The Queen and her maidens to bed were gone.

And when she came to the castle gate,
They were plying the dance at a furious rate.

There danced full many a mail-clad man,
And the youthful King he led the van.

He stretched forth his hand with an air so free:
'Wilt dance, thou pretty maid, with me?'

'O, Sir, I've come across the wold
That I with the Queen discourse might hold.'

'Come, dance,' said the King with a courteous smile,
'The Queen will be here in a little while.'

Then forward she stepped like a blushing rose,
She takes his hand and to dance she goes.

'Hear, Signelil, what I say to thee,
A ditty of love sing thou to me.'

'A ditty of love I will not, Sir King,
But as well as I can another I'll sing.'

Proud Signil began, a ditty she sang,
To the ears of the Queen in her bed it rang.

Says the Queen in her chamber as she lay:
'O which of my maidens doth sing so gay?

'O which of my maidens doth sing so late,
To bed why followed they me not straight?'

Then answered the Queen the little foot-page:
''Tis none of thy maidens, I'll engage.

''Tis none, I'll engage, of the maiden band,
'Tis Signil proud from the islet's strand.'

'O bring my red mantle hither to me,
For I'll go down this maid to see.'

And when they came down to the caſtle gate,
The dance it moved at ſo brave a rate.

About and around they danced with glee,
There ſtood the Queen and the whole did see.

The Queen she felt ſo ſore aggrieved,
When the King with Signil ſhe perceived.

Sophia the Queen to her maid did ſign:
'Go fetch me hither a horn of wine.'

His hand the King ſtretched forth ſo free:
'Wilt thou, Sophia, my partner be?'

'O, I 'll not dance with thee, I vow,
Unleſs proud Signil pledge me now.'

The horn ſhe raiſed to her lips, athirſt,
The innocent heart in her boſom burſt.

There ſtood King Valdemar pale as clay,
Stone dead at his feet the maiden lay.

'A fairer maid ſince I firſt drew breath
Ne'er came more guiltleſs to her death.'

For her wept woman and maid ſo ſore,
To the church her beauteous corſe they bore.

But better with her it would have ſped,
Had ſhe but heard what her mother ſaid.

DAGMAR*

Sick in Ribe Dagmar's lying,
Soon she 'll be in Ringsted's wall;
All the Dames in Denmark dwelling
Unto her she bids them call.

'Fetch me four, fetch five, I pray ye,
Fetch me those for wisdom famed;
Fetch Sir Carl of Rise's sister,
Little Kirstine is she named.

'Fetch the old, and fetch the youthful,
Fetch the learned unto me;
Fetch the lovely little Kirstine,
Worthy all respect is she.

'Canst thou read and write, my darling?
Canst thou ease the pains I bear?
Thou shalt ride upon my coursers,
And the ruddy scarlet wear.'

'Could I read and write, my lady,
Blythely I would do the same;
Thy pains are than iron harder,
'Tis with grief I that proclaim.'

'Twas the lovely little Kirstine
Took the book and read a space—
'Ah, thy pains than steel are harder,
God Almighty help thy case!'

* A fragment only of the ballad.—[Ed.]

THE DUKE'S DAUGHTER OF SKAGE*

THE noble Duke of Skageland,
A daughter has so fair;
Ye 'll not in all these kingdoms
Find one who can with her compare.

The noble Duke a daughter has,
So exceeding lovely she,
I trow in all these kingly realms
Her equal ye 'll not see.

The Duke he caus'd build a stone bower,
And with lead he thatch'd it o'er,
And therein he his daughter plac'd,
With damsels many more.

The Duke he caus'd build a bower of stone,
And that he thatch'd with reeds,
And he his daughter plac'd therein,
With damsels other and maids.

It was little Hildegerd,
She awoke at black midnight,
And she related her dreadful dream
In hurry and in fright.

* A fragment of very early draft.—[Ed.]

'I thought I stood 'fore Maria's altar,
I read our Lady's breviare,
Then in through the window a hawk there flew,
His feathers as snow were fair.

'I thought I stood 'fore Maria's altar
And devoutly read my book;
A falcon he came flying in,
His seat on my hand he took.

'There stood he a little tide
And his wings he clapp'd with glee,
When in came striding the Queen Blanke,
As wroth as wroth could be.

'And straight she took the little hawk,
To the earth she dash'd him rude;
Then was the lamp extinguish'd
On Maria's altar that stood.

'Then was the light extinguish'd
'Fore Maria's altar that shone;
Asunder then my bracelets went,
They fell down my foot upon.

'Then asunder went my broad buckle,
That in front of my breast I bore,
And off then flew my gold coronet
And the gems sprang over the floor.

'Off then flew my gold coronet,
A lock fell from my hair;
Maria's image on the altar that stood
For me let fall a tear.'

There sat all the proud damsels,
To the dream they paid no heed,
Except her eldest sister alone,
She straight the dream did read.

'God pity thee, little Hildegerd,
Why wert thou born so fair?
Troubles that thou wilt never forget
They fall will to thy share.

'Take heed of thyself, little Hildegerd,
Take heed for winters three,
And do thou let no earthly man
Thee either hear or see.'

Early in the morning tide
The sun it shone so fair;
Up stood Hildegerd,
She brush'd her yellow hair.

'Twas Hildegerd, the Duke's daughter,
Her mantle she put on,
And unto her dear father
Into the high hall she's gone.

'And do thou hear, my dear father!
I 've a boon of thee to crave;
Do thou let me the psalter learn
And not the gold to weave.

'And hear thou too, my dear mother,
Thou art a dame wise of head,
Do thou send me to Liusey Cloister
To learn in book to read.'

Then answer'd Erik of Skage the Duke,
All in his scarlet array:
'O there is not one daughter of mine
Shall die in cloister aye.

'No daughter of mine shall sing in quire
As long as life I hold,
But I have comely daughters five
I 'll portion with land and gold.'

'O, I have dreamt a dream to-night
Lies so heavy my heart upon;
My father dear, grant thou me my prayer,
I will become a nun.'

'No, by the saints, thou never shalt!
Cast all such thoughts aside,
Valiant are the knights and rich
Who 'd fain have thee for bride.'

'I beg of thee, my dear mother,
And I beg with tear and moan,
That thou 'lt let me enter the cloister of Mary,
Amongst the nuns to wone.'

Away then her dear mother
To the father up she drew:
'Do let her tarry in Lius Cloister
Till she has learnt to sew.

'Let her be, I pray, in Lius Cloister,
Till she has learnt to stitch;
As soon as ever she grown up be,
We home again her will fetch.'

Then out they had the courser white,
Was with ruddy silk array'd;
Then they convey'd to the cloister of Lius
The angel lovely maid.

And there was she too one winter,
And for full five there was she,
And of that knew no earthly man
Nor swain of high degree.

'Twas noised abroad from Skageland,
So wide the report it flew,
The Duke he had sent his daughter,
But where no mortal knew.

The noble dames of Upsal town
Were seated in the hall;
Their discourse around Queen Blanke
Chanc'd on the Duke's daughter to fall.

'Duke Erik he a daughter has
At loveliness unmatch'd,
And he to the far Norwegian isles
The maiden has despatch'd.

'Duke Erik he a daughter has,
The fairest of maidens all,
In the cloister of Lius she lies conceal'd,
Fair Hildegerd her they call.

'And there she 's been for one winter,
And there for three she 's been,
And in that tide no earthly man
Has heard her or has seen.'

And there the dames of Upsal sat,
They thought they were heard by none,
And that heard Younker Sir Valdemar,
The Swede King's youngest son.

It was Younker Sir Valdemar,
To saddle his horse he cries:
'I will into the country hie
To prove this enterprize.'

It was Younker Sir Valdemar
Rode over hill and moor,
And when he reach'd the cloister of Lius,
'Twas in the evening hour.

It was Younker Sir Valdemar,
He into the church did stride;
All the damsels therein that were
Themselves with their linen did hide.

All the maids in the cloister that were
Hid themselves with their linen veils,
Except alone little Hildegerd,
With the scarlet her face conceals.

It was Younker Sir Valdemar
Knew her the red scarlet by,
For such no cloister maid did wear
Who should in cloister die.

It was Prince Sir Valdemar
Stretch'd toward her his white hand:
'Hear thou, lovely Hildegerd,
For thy sake I've sought to this land.

'O, I have ridden my courser tried
O'er hills and lofty places;
Hear me, Hildegerd,
Award me thy good graces.'

Answer'd then little Hildegerd,
Like a rose flower she was blooming:
'I sent no message after thee,
I little expected thy coming.'

PROUD SIGNILD

Proud Signild's bold brothers have taken her hand,
They 've wedded her into a far distant land.

They 've wedded her far from her own native land,
To her father's foul murderer gave they her hand.

And so for eight winters the matter it stood,
Their face for eight winters she never once view'd.

Proud Signild she brews, and the ruddy wine blends;
To her brothers so courteous a bidding she sends.

Sir Loumor then laughed to his heart's very core—
Not once had he laughed for eight winters before.

To the top of the castle proud Signild she goes,
And thence she so many a wistful look throws.

And now she perceives down the green hillock's side
Her seven bold brothers so furiously ride.

Proud Signild she stands on the castle's high peak,
She hears in the courtyard her seven brothers speak.

Proud Signild she hastes her array to put on,
And unto the hall to Sir Loumor she 's gone.

'Now hear thou, Sir Loumor, thou lord, great and fine,
Wilt welcome these seven bold brothers of mine?'

'I 'll welcome these seven bold brothers of thine,
Proud Signild, as if they were brothers of mine.'

Sir Loumor again a wild laughter outsent,
And the hard marble wall by that laughter was rent.

Then outspake the child in the cradle that lay,
No word had the child ever spoke till that day:

'It shows that no good is about to take place,
When my father he laughs in my dear mother's face.'

With his foot he the cradle has spurned with such force
That out rolled the baby, a blood-besprent corse.

So matters passed on till of evening the fall,
To the evening repaſt the relations went all.

Sir Loumor her lord she placed at the board's head,
To the ſtools at the bottom her brothers she led.

To Sir Loumor she handed the ſtout ruddy wine,
To her brothers she only sweet milk will assign.

Sir Loumor pretended to drink deep and faſt,
But in secret the wine down beneath him he caſt.

Proud Signild now to the bedchamber wends,
And the bed she prepares for her dear-beloved friends.

The bed she outspreads on the hard rugged ſtone,
And that to prevent them from sleeping was done.

And under their sides she placed slily their knives,
Which well they might truſt in defence of their lives.

She also has placed underneath their bed-heads
Their actons of steel, and their keen naked blades.

'Twas late, late at night, and the lights were burnt low,
And away to their couches it lists them to go.

No sooner proud Signild had sunk to repose,
Than from her white side dread Sir Loumor arose.

To the hall, the dark hall, took Sir Loumor his way,
Proud Signild's seven brothers intending to slay.

To the side of the bed upon tiptoe he drew,
And the seven bold brothers he traitorously slew.

In his fell hand uptakes he both faulchion and knife,
And each of the sleepers deprived he of life.

In a bowl he collects of the murdered the gore,
And that he brings in the proud Signild before.

In, in at the door-way Sir Loumor he sped,
From Signild's cheek faded the beautiful red.

'Sir Loumor, my lord, thy looks fill me with fright,
Say where hast thou been in the midst of the night?'

'I 've been to the hall, if the truth I must tell,
I heard my two hunting hawks screech there, and yell.'

'O why of thy hawks art thou talking, my lord?
May God in His mercy my dear brothers guard.'

Sir Loumor produced of her brothers the gore,
And that by her foot he has placed on the floor.

'Now drink thou, proud Signild, my much beloved Dame,
This blood from the veins of thy brothers that came.'

'With a terrible thirſt I muſt needs be diſtreſt,
When I, O Sir Loumor, obey thy beheſt.

'But to bed and to sleep, my dear lord, now repair,
Full little, be sure, for my brothers I care.

'I care not although all my kindred are slain,
Since thee, my heart's dearest, alive I retain.'

So things in this fashion for eight winters ſtood,
And Sir Loumor his brothers and ſiſters ne'er viewed.

Sir Loumor he brews, and the ruddy wine blends,
To his brothers and ſiſters a bidding he sends.

Then laughed the proud Signild, the dame fair of face,
And the firſt time it was for full eight winters' space.

Sir Loumor's relations she placed at the board,
And she handed them mead with so many a fair word.

Of the wine, the clear wine, drank Sir Loumor so free,
For his life not the slighteſt precaution took he.

On the soft down she spread their beds high from the ground,
She wished to procure for them slumbers so sound.

She spread out their beds on the bolſters of blue,
Thereon with her fingers the sleep runes she drew.

No sooner Sir Loumor had sunk to repose,
Than from his embrace the proud Signild arose.

From out of a corner she took a keen sword,
She 'll awake with its point the dear kin of her lord.

To the sleeping apartment proud Signild then sped,
And straightway his five belov'd brothers slew dead.

Though her heart it was sad, and the tears in her eyes,
His three belov'd sisters she slew in like guise.

Then swift in a bowl she collects the red gore,
And that she brought in good Sir Loumor before.

She took off the chaplet her brow from around,
And firmly the hands of Sir Loumor she bound.

'Now wake thou, Sir Loumor, and speak to thy wife,
I 'll not, whilst thou sleepest, deprive thee of life.

'Now wake thou, Sir Loumor, the kind and the good,
Drink, drink thy dear brothers' and sisters' hearts' blood.'

'O sore would the thirst be, O Signild, full sore,
That ever could tempt me to drink of that gore.

'Thyself to bed, my sweet Signild, betake,
For the death of my kindred my heart will not break.'

Sir Loumor sought after his trusty brown brand,
And found to his fear he was bound foot and hand.

'O Signild, proud Signild, I pray thee now spare,
And aye to be kind to thee, Signild, I swear.'

'Methinks that thou didst little kindness display,
The time thou my father didst murderously slay!

'Thou slewest my father with treacherous glaive,
And then my dear brothers, so beauteous and brave.

'Then hope not for mercy, on vengeance I 'm bent,
Because all I cherished from me thou hast rent.'

Then she drew forth the knife from her sleeve bloody red,
And Sir Loumor she stabbed till the life from him fled.

Then out from its cradle the little child spake:
'That deed, if I live, I will some day ywrake.'

'I know that thou art of the very same blood,
And I never expect thou to me wilt be good.'

The child by the small of the leg she has ta'en,
And against the bedside she has beat out its brain.

'Now I, the proud Signild, have slain man for man,
And I 'll hie me away to my land and my clan.'

THE COUNT OF VENDEL'S DAUGHTER

Within a bower the womb I left,
'Midst dames and maids who stood to aid:
They wrapped me first in silken weft,
And next in scarlet red array'd.

But a step-dame soon 'twas my lot to get,
And fierce and wild she proved to me;
Within a coffer me she set,
And pushed it out upon the sea.

By one wave I was borne to land,
And by the next away was ta'en;
But God on high, it seems, had plann'd
That I should footing there obtain.

The tide it drove me to the shore,
And in its backward course retook;
Sure ne'er had child of king before
Such buffeting on sea to brook.

But God He help'd me, so that I
Was cast above the billows' reach;
And soon a savage wolf drew nigh,
Was prowling on the sandy beach.

Soon prowling came a wolf so gray,
And me up-taking in his jaws,
He carried me with care away
Deep, deep into the forest shaws.

That self-same wolf he was so kind
That me beneath a tree he laid;
And then came running a nimble hind,
And me unto its lair convey'd.

There me for winter one she nurs'd—
She nursed me for two winters' space.
To creep, to creep, I learnt at first,
And next I learnt to pace, to pace.

And I was full eight years, I wot,
Within the quiet, green retreat.
Close couched beside the hind I got
Full many a slumber calm and sweet.

I had clothes and shelter of no kind,
Except the linden green alone;
And, save the gentle forest hind,
Had nurse and foster-mother none.

But forth on courser reeking hot
There rushed a knight of bearing bold,
And he my foster-mother shot
With arrow on the verdant wold.

He pierced the hind with mortal wound,
And all our fond connection cut;
Then wrapped his cloak my frame around,
And me within his buckler put.

That self-same knight, so bold and strong,
Within his bower the foundling bred;
He tended me both well and long,
And finally his bride he made.

He had by long enquiry found
My father was a noble count
In Vendel's land, who castles own'd,
And rul'd o'er many a plain and mount.

The first night we together slept
Was fraught with woe of darkest hue;
Foes, whom he long at bay had kept,
Broke in on us, and him they slew.

The night we lay together first
A deed of horror was fulfill'd;
The bride-house door his foemen burst,
And in my arms my husband kill'd.

Soon, soon, my friends to counsel go,
A husband new they chose for me;
The cloister's prior of mitred brow—
The good Sir Nilaus styl'd was he.

But soon as I the threshold cross'd,
The nuns could not their fury smother;
They vow'd by God and all His Host,
The Prior Nilaus was my brother.

Forth from the cloister him they drew,
They pelted him to death with stones;
I stood close by, and all could view,
I scarce could hear his piteous moans.

Once more my friends to counsel hied,
For me another spouse they get—
Son of the King of England wide
Was he, and hight Sir Engelbret.

Nine winters with that princely youth
I lived; of joy we had no dearth,
I tell to ye, for sooth and truth,
To ten fair sons that I gave birth.

But pirate crews the land beset,
No one, no one, my grief could tell;
They slew with sword Sir Engelbret,
And nine of my fair sons as well.

My husband and my sons with brand
They slew. How I bewail their case!
My tenth son bore they from the land—
I never more shall see his face.

Now is my care as complicate
As golden threads which maidens spin;
God crown with bliss Sir Engelbret,
He ever was so free from sin.

But now I'll take the holy vows,
Within the cloister under Ey;
I 'll ne'er become another's spouse,
But in religion I will die.

But first to all the country side
I will declare my bosom's grief;
I find, the more my grief I hide,
The less, the less is my relief.

SIR RIBOLT

Ribolt the son of a Count was he—
Gulborg he courted in secrecy.

Since she was a child the maid he woo'd,
And till she had come to womanhood.

'Gulborg, do thou become my bride,
In a better land then thou shalt reside.

'Unto the land I thee will bear,
Where grief ne'er comes the mind to tear.

'To an island 'neath a blissful sky,
Where thou shalt live and never die.'

'To the land thou never me will bear,
But grief shall come the mind to tear.

'Nor me to the isle wilt thou convey
Where I 've no death to the Lord to pay.'

'O there no grass but the leek upsprings,
And there no bird but the cuckoo sings.

'No other water flows than wine,
Thou may'st believe these words of mine.'

'But how from the Castle can I fly?
So many watch incessantly.

'I 'm watched by father, watched by mother,
By sister I am watched, and brother.

'I 'm watched by the man to whom I 'm plighted,
And I fear him more than the rest united.'

'Although by all thy clan controll'd,
Thy promise to me thou yet shalt hold.

'In my acton blue I thee will case,
And my golden helm on thy head I'll place.

'I 'll gird thee with my sword of worth,
Then none will think that a maid rides forth.

'Decked with my gilded spurs so free,
Thou off may'st ride though thy father see.'

O'er her he threw his mantle wide,
And set her upon his steed of pride.

When on the moor themselves they found,
Met them a Count, in arms renown'd.

'Hear, Ribolt, hear, dear comrade mine,
Say, who 's that fair young page of thine?'

'Comrade, it is my youngest brother,
I've ta'en him from his doting mother.'

'It little avails such tales to tell;
Gulborg, Gulborg, I know thee well.

'Thy scarlet dress thou may'st disguise,
But thy cheeks of rose I recognise.

'Thy hair I know of fairest sort,
For long I 've served at thy father's court.

'By thy garb and shoon I know thee not,
But I know the knight who thy troth has got.'

A bracelet drew she forth of gold,
And gave it to that Count so bold:

'Where'er thou rest thee at close of day,
Be sure no word of me thou say.'

The Count he rode to Kulloe house,
Where the kemps were drinking a deep carouse.

He enter'd at Sir Truid's gate—
At his table wide Sir Truid sate.

'Here, Truid, thou sitt'st the red wine taking,
Whilst Ribolt off with thy bride is making.'

Then through his hall Sir Truid roar'd:
'Up, up, ye knights, take helm and sword!'

Barely a mile had they advanced
When fair Gulborg behind her glanced.

'O yonder my father's steed I see,
And the knight who is betrothed to me.'

'Gulborg, be therefore in no pain,
But hold our steeds by the bridle rein.

'And though to earth thou see me fall,
Gulborg, thou must not upon me call.

'And though thou see me freely bleed,
Let not my name from thy mouth proceed.'

His helm on his head Sir Ribolt cast,
Gulborg with her fair hands laced it fast.

Then, crying his cry, he slays outright
Her father dear and her plighted knight,

And, at the second 'Halloo,' he slew
Her brother with locks of yellow hue.

'Desist, O Ribolt, my heart's ador'd,
'Tis time, 'tis time to sheathe thy sword.

'My youngest brother I pray thee spare,
That he to my mother may tiding bear;

'Bear her the tidings of the slaughter,
O would she never had borne a daughter!

Scarce had the name of Ribolt sounded,
When Ribolt tottered, deadly wounded.

He sheathed his faulchion, blood bedyed:
'Come, dear Gulborg, we hence will ride.'

They thread the mazes of the wood,
No word escaped him, bad or good.

'Hear, Ribolt, hear, my destined mate,
Why art not glad as thou wast of late?'

'Gulborg, I feel my life-blood leak,
Gulborg, I feel me faint and weak.

'But chiefly, chiefly I look not pleas'd,
Because Death's hand my heart has seiz'd.'

'Myself of my girdle I 'll disarray,
And thy streaming blood will staunch and stay.'

'God bless thee ever, my own true love,
Of service slight will thy girdle prove.'

And when to the Castle gate they won,
His mother stood there and leaned thereon.

'Welcome, my son, thou art welcome twice,
And thy fair young bride she is welcome thrice.

'I ne'er have seen a bride so pale
Come travelling over hill and dale.'

'If pale she be is a wonder slight,
When she has witness'd so hard a fight.

'God grant I may retain my breath
Whilst parting presents I bequeath.

'To my father I give my courser tall,
O mother, I pray thee a priest to call.

'And unto my brother, who 's standing near,
I give Gulborg whom I love so dear.'

'O willingly her to wife I'd take,
If, brother, 'twere not for the black sin's sake.'

'May the Lord God me in my trouble aid,
So sure as she is for me a maid.

'Twas only once that I had the bliss
From her rosy mouth to snatch a kiss.'

'O better, better to sink in death,
Than unto two brothers plight my faith.'

Ribolt was dead ere the cock did cry,
Gulborg was dead ere the sun was high.

They bore from the Castle corses three,
A handsome corse was each to see.

The one was Ribolt, the other his bride,
His mother the third, of grief she died.

INNOCENCE DEFAMED

Misfortune comes to every door,
And who can hope to 'scape its might?
And that can little Kirstine say,
And none, alas, with greater right.

It was the good Sir Peter, he
At fall of eve came home from Ting;
And it was little Kirstine fair,
That fell the knight to welcoming.

'Now welcome, welcome home from Ting,
Most welcome thou, my father dear;
Whilst thou at Ting this day didst stand
Didst any news or tiding hear?'

'Enough of tidings I have heard,
To break my heart however sound;
Thy plighted youth has thee forsworn
Because thy name was bandied round.

'Thy plighted youth has thee forsworn,
And none can blame the youth, I ween;
For eight long years it seems thou hast
A murd'ress and a harlot been.'

'Now do thou hear, my father dear,
Such wicked rumours thou shouldst scorn;
For thus is many a virtuous maid
Of fame and honor daily shorn.'

'And do thou hear, my daughter dear,
Thou shalt confess it to thy sorrow;
This evening thou shalt gather wood,
And burn upon that wood to-morrow.'

And so they took the fair Kirstine,
And her arrayed in scarlet weed;
And mournfully they lifted her
Upon the grey and lofty steed.

It was little Kirstine fair,
She reached at last the verdant wold;
'Now bless'd be God on high that dwells,
My bride-bed yonder I behold.

'So red, red are my bridal sheets,
My bridal bolsters are so blue,
The knights who thus their daughters wed
I hope and trust are very few.'

And so they took the little Kirstine,
And bade her sit a stump upon;
Then forward stepped her plighted youth,
And her yellow hair he has undone.

'Now do thou hear, my plighted maid,
I rede thee be of blythesome cheer,
For thou, I ween, dost here perceive
Thy bride-bed and thy funeral bier.'

When she had sat a little space
No longer there she cared to wait:
'Now stand thou up, Sir Archbishop,
And Kirstine's bride-bed consecrate.'

The little Kirstine then they took
And midst the roaring blazes threw;
The fire recoiled on every side,
So fair and bright she stood to view.

'I thank the God who me has helped,
The God who made the earth and sky;
Now to a cloister I will go,
And serve my master till I die.'

And thither little Kirstine went,
And with her all her maidens fair;
Her father and her plighted youth,
They quickly died of grief and care.

And now within the cloister wall
The beauteous little Kirstine goes;
So joyous o'er her yellow hair
The veil so long and black she throws.

SIR SWERKEL

THERE 's a dance in the hall of Sir Swerkel the Childe,
There dances fair Kirstine, her hair hanging wild.

There dance the good King and his nobles so gay,
Fair Kirstine before them she warbles a lay.

His hand to the maiden Sir Swerkel stretched free:
'Come hither and dance, little Kirstine, with me.'

Her finger he pressed, and moved up to her near:
'Sweet Kirstine, I pray thee become my heart's desire.'

Her finger he pressed, on her sandal trod he:
'Fair Kirstine, with pity my agonies see!'

They danced to the left, and they danced to the right,
And her troth the fair damsel bestowed on the knight.

Upon him Sir Swerkel his red mantle throws,
And to the high hall to his mother he goes.

'Hail, hail, as thou sittest here, dear mother mine,
I come from betrothing the little Kirstine.'

'Our Lady forbid, and our Lady forfend,
Relations like ye to betroth should pretend.

'In wedlock united ye never must be,
For brother and sister, believe me, are ye.'

'Now tell me, I pray thee, O dear mother mine,
What time thou didst bring forth the little Kirstine.'

'The time that thou wast on thy journey to Rome,
I bore the sweet flowret that 's now in full bloom.

'Whilst thou to the sepulchre holy wast gone,
I bore the fair mirror thy love that has won.

'In the court of the Queen she was reared up with care,
And scarlet and sable accustomed to wear.'

'Now give me thy counsel, O dear mother mine,
How I may forget her, the little Kirstine?'

'Go chase thou the hart, and go chase thou the hind,
And thou wilt her image soon chase from thy mind.

'Go chase thou the hart, and go chase thou the roe,
And thou thy love-longing wilt quickly forgo.'

He chased the proud hart, and he chased the swift hind,
But he never could chase the fair maid from his mind.

He chased the tall hart, and he chased the sleek roe,
But the longing of love from his mind would not go.

So the knight from the country was driven at last,
And into a cloister the maiden was cast.

No little bird shaped from the far land its flight
Than enquiry she made for her dear betrothed knight.

A bird ne'er so little across the sea stray'd
But he enquired after his dear betrothed maid.

SIGNELIL

THE Lady her handmaid to questioning took:
'Why dost thou so sickly and colourless look?'
But sorrow gnaws so sorely!

'Tis little wonder if sickly I 'm growing,
Malfred my lady!
So much am I busied with cutting and sewing.'

'Erewhile was thy cheek as the blooming rose red,
But now thou art pale, even pale as the dead.'

'To conceal the truth longer 'tis vain to essay,
My gallant young master has led me astray.'

'And if the young noble has led thee astray,
Say, what gave he thee for thy virtue in pay?'

'He gave to me shoes were gold-spangled all o'er,
And them have I worn with affliction so sore.

'He gave to me also of silk a soft shift,
And with sorrow most painful I 've worn the fair gift.

'He gave me, Christ sain him! a gold ring so fine,
Whose match I can see on no finger of thine.'

'But what will avail thee his presents of price,
If he thee will not wed before God and men's eyes?'

'O, he to espouse me so often has vowed,
And rich presents beside upon me has bestowed.'

'What will his vows help thee in secrecy spoke?
To many a maid them he has made and has broke.'

'O, I on the gold harp will play me a tune,
And the knight to his presence will summon me soon.'

With her fingers so tapering she struck the first chord,
That heard, as he dozed in his bed, the young lord.

The gallant young lord to his waiting-boy said:
'Go straight, and call hither my mother's fair maid.'

The bedside he stroked with so gentle an air:
'Dear heart, sit thee down, for thy weight it will bear.'

'O no, by the Saints, I will never do that,
For there, noble Sir, I have ne'er before sat.'

'Though thou ne'er hast placed thee upon my bedside,
Thou hast slept in my arms embraced many a tide.

'My spouse thou shalt be, yea, my heart's beloved spouse,
And I in thine arms every night will repose.'

INGEBORG'S DISGUISE

Such handsome court clothes the proud Ingeborg buys,
Says she 'I 'll myself as a coutier disguise.'

Proud Ingeborg hastens her steed to bestride,
Says she 'I 'll away with the King to reside.'

'Thou gallant young King, to my speech lend an ear,
Hast thou any need of my services here?'

'O yes, my sweet lad, of a horseboy I 've need,
If there were but stable room here for his steed.

'But thy steed in the stall with my own can be tied,
And thou 'neath the linen shalt sleep by my side.'

Three years in the palace good service she wrought,
That she was a woman no one ever thought.

She filled for three years of a horseboy the place,
And the steeds of the monarch she drove out to graze.

She led for three years the King's steeds to the brook,
For else than a youth no one Ingeborg took.

Proud Ingeborg knows how to make the dames gay,
She also can sing in such ravishing way.

The hair on her head is like yellow spun gold,
To her beauty the heart of the prince was not cold.

But at length up and down in the palace she strayed,
Her colour and hair began swiftly to fade.

What eye has seen ever so wondrous a case?
The boy his own spurs to his heel cannot brace.

The horseboy is brought to so wondrous a plight,
To draw his own weapon he has not the might.

The son of the King to five damsels now sends,
And Ingeborg fair to their care he commends.

Proud Ingeborg took they and wrapped in their weed,
And to the stone chamber with her they proceed.

Upon the blue cushions they Ingeborg laid,
Where light of two beautiful sons she is made.

Then in came the prince, smiled the babies to view:
'"Tis not every horseboy can bear such a two.'

He patted her soft on her cheek sleek and fair:
'Forget, my heart's dearest, all sorrow and care.'

He placed the gold crown on her temples, I ween:
'With me shalt thou live as my wife and my Queen.'

THE READY ANSWER

THE brother to his dear sister spake:
'Wilt thou not quickly a husband take?'

'Dear brother, I 'll do no such thing,
I 'm far too young for marrying.'

'Then why so oft do I hear it said
That thou preparest thee to wed?'

'Ah! folks such store of scandal say,
That only fools attention pay.'

'Who was that gallant knight, that rode
This morning early from thy abode?'

'A very gallant knight, indeed,
It was my page upon his steed.'

'What might that pair of shoes betide,
That lately stood by thy bedside?'

'If pair of shoes stood ever there,
That pair of shoes my slippers were.'

'Those children small, how came they, say,
The other day in thy bed that lay?'

'No children small, I ween, were they,
But pups with which I 'm wont to play.'

'How happ'd this morn that baby scream,
Which from thy chamber broke my dream?'

'O babes in that guise seldom squall,
My maid cried for her keys so small.'

'What might that splendid cradle mean,
Which hidden here I oft have seen?'

'It was no cradle met thine eyes,
But my silk woof about that lies.

'Brother, if thou hast questions more,
I 've other answers still in store.'

When women for answers are at stop,
There 'll be in the main no water drop.

KRAGELILL

'Twas noised about, 'twas noised about,
Full far 'twas noised, I ween;
King Sigurd has his daughter lost,
She stolen from him has been.

It was gallant King Sigurd then
His bonnet he put on;
And he away to the high, high hall
To his courtmen and knights is gone.

They cast the die upon the board,
The die it rolled around;
It fell upon Regnfred, the King's son,
He to seek the maid is bound.

About the world for one winter,
And for winters five he sought;
But he in all that weary tide
Could hear of the maiden nought.

It was Regnfred, the King's son,
Through the green wood rode his way;
And there met him a little stranger lad,
About the break of day.

'Now do thou hear, thou stranger lad,
All that I say to thee;
The very next maid that thou know'st of
Do thou shew unto me.'

'And do thou hear, thou fair young swain
I pray I may not offend,
But the very next maid that I know of
Sir Tabor's goats doth tend.

'Her kirtle is of kid-skin made,
Her mantle of wadmal grey,
Her locks, which shine like gleamy gold,
Adown her shoulders stray.'

Then he rode o'er the meadows green,
And through the brake and thorn,
And there did he the maiden find,
She drove her goats from the corn.

He took her tenderly in his arm,
Kissed her on her cheek so fair:
'I entreat thee now by the highest God,
Thy father to me declare.'

'An ancient man my father is,
Tends goats in the morass;
Kragelill I myself am called,
Can I boast of my birth, alas!'

It was Regnfred, the King's son,
In haste drew out his knife:
'Thou shalt to me thy father's name,
Or thou shalt lose thy life.'

'Sigurd the King my father is,
His Queen my mother dear;
And I myself am Swanelill,
Name fitting for me to bear.'

Then o'er her threw the mantle blue
  Regnfred, the King's good son;
He lifted her so courteously
  His courser grey upon.

And he rode o'er the meadows green,
  And over the plains so wide;
Behind him came running an ancient man,
  And so loud on Kragelill cried.

But the swain gave him both silver and gold,
  Contented away he hied;
Then he unhindered did carry the maid
  To her father's halls of pride.

Now has Regnfred, the King's son,
  O'ercome his dire distress;
He sleeps each night so joyously
  In the arms of his princess.

And now is Damsel Swanelill
  To kith and kin restored;
So joyously she sleeps each night
  With Regnfred her wedded lord.

OLD NORSE

THE VALKYRIE AND RAVEN

Ye men wearing bracelets
  Be mute whilst I sing
Of Harald the hero—
  High Narroway's king;
I 'll duly declare
  A discourse which I heard,
Betwixt a bright maiden
  And black raven bird.

The Valkyrie's vext
  No war-field to find;
The speech she knew well
  Of the wild feather'd kind,
And thus she bespake him
  Who bears the brown bill,
So proud as he perch'd on
  The peak of the hill.

'What do you here, ravens,
  And whence come ye, say,
Your heads turned direct to
  The dying sun's ray?
Bits of flesh hold your claws—
  There 's blood flowing free
From your beaks, surely nigh
  Dead bodies there be.'

Then wiping his beak,
Bloody red, on the rock,
The eagle's sworn brother
Thus answer'd and spoke:
'Harald we 've follow'd,
Of Halfdan the son,
Ever since from the egg
That we egress have won.'

'Then ye know, bird, the king
Whose keep is in Kvine,
The young king—the Norse king—
Whose keels cut the brine;
Red-rimm'd are his bucklers,
Betarr'd are his oars—
His sails are all bleach'd
With the sea-spray and showers.'

'Abroad will drink Yule,
The young king, and will try
To wake up, O maiden,
The wild game of Frey.
Of the warmth of the hearth
He weary is grown;
He loathes the close chamber
And cushions of down.

'Heard ye not the hard fight
Near Hafirsfirth beach,
'Twixt the king of high kindred
And Kotva the rich?
Sail'd ships from the East
Prepared for war stern;
Their dragon heads gaped,
Their gilded sides burn.

'They were fill'd with proud freemen
Well furnish'd with shields,
And the very best weapons
The western land yields;
Grimly the Baresarkers
Grinn'd, biting steel,—
Howl'd the wolf-heathens
War madness they feel.

'They moved 'gainst the monarch
Whose might makes them pine,
'Gainst the king—the Norse king—
Who keeps court at Utstein;
Flinch'd the king's bark at first,
For they ply'd her right well—
There was hammering on helmets
Ere Haklangr fell.

'Left the land to the lad
With the locks long and full,
Rich Kotva, the lord,
Thick of neck, like the bull;
'Neath the thwarts themselves threw,
They who 'd wounds, in despair,
Their heads to the keel
And their heels to the air.

'On their shoulders their shields,
Such as Swafni's roof form,
Flinging swift as a fence
From the fierce stony storm;
The yeomen affrighted
From Hafirsfirth speed,
And arrived at their homes
They call hoarsely for mead.

'The slain strew the strand
To the very great joy
Of ourselves and of Odin,
The chief of one eye.'

VALKYRIE

'Of his wars and his prowess
With wonder I 've heard;
Now speak of his wives
And his women, O bird!'

RAVEN

He had damsels from Holmrygg
And Hordaland, too;
And damsels from Hedemark
Dainty of hue;
But he sent them with gifts
To their countries again,
When he wedded Ranhilda
The beautiful Dane.'

VALKYRIE

'I warrant he 's bounteous!
And well doth reward
The warriors and gallants
His kingdom who guard.'

RAVEN

'O, yes, he is bounteous!
And bravely they fare
Who in Harald's dominions
Hew food for the bear;
With coin he presents them,
And keen polish'd glaives,
With mail from Hungaria
And Osterland slaves.

'O happy lives have they
Who help him in war,
Can run to the mast-head
Or manage the oar;
Make the row-locks to creak,
And the row-bench to crack,
And in their lord's service
Are never found slack.'

VALKYRIE

'Of the Skalds now I 'll ask thee,
The sons of the strain,
By whom deathless honor
He hopes to obtain;
I doubt not, O Raven,
That thou knowest well
The workers of verse
Who at Harald's court dwell.'

RAVEN

'By their gallant array,
By the armlets they bear
All of gold, you may learn
To their lord they are dear;

Ruddy kirtles they have
That are laced at the skirts,
Swords silver inlaid,
And steely mail shirts:
All gilded their hilts,
Their helmets all graven;
Gold rings on their hands.'

VALKYRIE

'Now read me, O Raven,
Of the Baresarkers—how
Do ye style them who wade
In blood ankle-deep
By no danger dismay'd?'

RAVEN

'Wolf-heathens they hight,
To the thick of the fray
Ruddy shields who do bear,
And with swords clear away;
None but those who know nought
Of terror can stand
When stout and strong men
Shiver buckler with brand.'

VALKYRIE

'Of jesting and game
Our discourse shall be brief;
What does Andadr do,
Harald's jester in chief?'

RAVEN

'Fun Andadr loves;
He makes faces and sneers,
And the monarch doth laugh
At the loon without ears.

There are others who bear
Burning brands from the fire,
Stick a torch 'neath their belt,
Yet ne'er singe their attire;
Some that dance on their heels,
Or that tumble and spring—
O 'tis gay in the hall
Of high Harald the king!'

THE HAIL STORM

As in Horunga haven
We fed the crow and raven,
I heard the tempest breaking
Of demon Thorgerd's waking;
Sent by the fiend in anger,
With din and stunning clangor;
To crush our might intended,
Gigantic hail descending.

A pound the smallest pebble
Did weigh, and others treble;
It drifted, dealing slaughter,
And blood ran out like water,
Ran reeking, red and horrid,
From battered cheek and forehead;
But, though so rudely greeted,
No Jomsborg man retreated.

With anger ever sharper,
Thorgerda fierce, and Yrpr,
Shot lightning from each finger,
Which sped and did not linger.
Then sank our brave in numbers
To cold, eternal slumbers;
There lay the good and gallant,
Renowned for warlike talent.

To bide the ſtorm unable
Our chieftain hewed his cable,
And with his ship departed—
We follow, broken-hearted;
For in Horunga haven
Our braveſt feed the raven;
We did our beſt, but no men
Can ſtand 'gainſt hail and foemen.

THE LAY OF VEGTAM

'WHAT man is he,
Unknown to me,
With reckleſs might
My reſt doth fright?
Blown o'er by gale
And beat by hail,
By ſnow and rain
I long have lain.'

'I 'm Vegtam ſtyl'd,
Am Waltham's child;
I come from far.
Now firſt declare
For whom ſo bright
Yon board is dight,
For whom foam high
The flaſks I ſpy.'

'Of Balder dead
Behold the mead,
The fated feaſt
For funeral gueſt;
The good youths fall,
The Gods mourn all;
I ſpeak with pain,
I 'll ſlumber fain.'

'Thou 'lt sleep anon:
There 's one thing, one
I seek to know
And thou must show.
Who 'll prove on plain
Young Balder's bane,
From health and joy
Hurl Odin's boy?'

'See Hoder rear
The hateful spear.
Of Balder he
The bane shall be,
From health and joy
Hurl Odin's boy.
I speak with pain,
I 'll slumber fain.'

'Thou 'lt sleep anon:
There 's one thing, one,
All-kenner dear,
Thou 'lt deign to clear.
Who 'll vengeance call
For Balder's fall,
And Balder's foe
On beal shall throw?'

'Rindr an heir
Shall Odin bear
Where sets the sun—
The avenging one,
He round shall roam,
His head ne'er comb,

Till Balder's foe
On beal he throw.
I speak with pain,
I 'll slumber fain.'

'Thou 'lt sleep anon:
There 's one thing, one
I seek to know
And thou must show.
Who be the maids
In yonder glades
Their locks who tear
And toss in air?'

'Alack and woe!
No Vegtam thou,
Thou Odin art
Of fearless heart.'—
'No prophetess
Art thou, I guess,
Thou mother old
Of Thurse and Trold!'

'Hie, Odin, home
Nor henceforth roam!
No wizard power
Shall wake me more
Till Lok accurst
His chain shall burst
And darkness' pall
Sink down all.'

OLD DANISH

FRIDLEIF AND HELGA

FROM THE DANISH OF OEHLENSLÆGER

THE woods were in leaf, and they cast a sweet shade;
Among them walked Helga, the beautiful maid.

The water is dashing o'er yon little stones;
She sat down beside it, and rested her bones.

She sat down, and soon, from a bush that was near,
Sir Fridleif approach'd her with sword and with spear:

'Ah, pity me, Helga, and fly me not now,
I live, only live, on the smile of thy brow:

'In thy father's whole garden is found not a rose,
Which bright as thyself, and as beautiful grows.'

'Sir Fridleif, thy words are but meant to deceive,
Yet tell me what brings thee so late here at eve.'

'I cannot find rest, and I cannot find ease,
Though sweet sing the linnets among the wild trees;

'If thou wilt but promise, one day to be mine,
No more shall I sorrow, no more shall I pine.'

She sank in his arms, and her cheeks were as red
As the sun when he sinks in his watery bed;

But soon she arose from his loving embrace;
He walk'd by her side, through the wood, for a space.

'Now listen, young Fridleif, the gallant and bold,
Take off from my finger this ring of red gold,

'Take off from my finger this ring of red gold,
And part with it not, till in death thou art cold.'

Sir Fridleif stood there in a sorrowful plight,
Salt tears wet his eyeballs, and blinded his sight.

'Go home, and I 'll come to thy father with speed,
And claim thee from him, on my mighty grey steed.'

Sir Fridleif, at night, through the thick forest rode,
He fain would arrive at his lov'd one's abode;

His harness was clanking, his helm glitter'd sheen,
His horse was so swift, and himself was so keen:

He reach'd the proud castle, and jump'd on the ground,
His horse to the branch of a linden he bound;

He shoulder'd his mantle of grey otter skin,
And through the wide door, to Sir Erik went in.

'Here sitt'st thou, Sir Erik, in scarlet array'd;
I've wedded thy daughter, the beautiful maid.'

'And who art thou, Rider? what feat hast thou done?
No nidering coward shall e'er be my son.'

'O far have I wander'd, renown'd is my name,
The heroes I conquer'd wherever I came:

'Han Elland, 'tis true, long disputed the ground,
But yet he receiv'd from my hand his death-wound.'

Sir Erik then alter'd his countenance quite,
And out hurried he, in the gloom of the night.

'Fill high, little Kirstin, my best drinking cup,
And be the brown liquor with poison mixt up.'

She gave him the draught, and returning with speed,
'Young gallant,' said he, 'thou must taste my old mead.'

Sir Fridleif unbuckled his helmet and drank;
Sweat sprung from his forehead—his features grew blank.

'I never have drain'd, since the day I was born,
A bitterer draught, from a costlier horn:

'My course is completed, my life is summ'd up,
For treason I smell in the dregs of the cup.'

Sir Erik then said, while he stamp'd on the ground,
'Young knight, 'tis thy fortune to die like a hound.

'My best belov'd friend thou didst boast to have slain,
And I have aveng'd him by giving thee bane:

'Not Helga, but Hela,* shall now be thy bride;
Dark blue are her cheeks, and she looks stony-eyed.'

'Sir Erik, thy words are both witty and wise,
And hell, when it has thee, will have a rich prize!

* The goddess of death—according to the Northern mythology.

'Convey unto Helga her gold ring so red;
Be sure to inform her when Fridleif is dead;

'But flame shall give water, and marble shall bleed,
Before thou shalt win by this treacherous deed:

'And I will not die like a hound, in the straw,
But go, like a hero, to Odin and Thor.'

He cut himself thrice, with his keen-cutting glaive,
And went to Valhalla,* the way of the brave.

The knight bade his daughter come into the room:
'Look here, my sweet child, on thy merry bridegroom.'

She look'd on the body, and gave a wild start;
'O father, why hadst thou so cruel a heart?'

She moan'd and lamented, she rav'd and she curst;
She look'd on her love, till her very eyes burst.

At midnight, Sir Erik was standing there mute,
With two pallid corses beside his cold foot:

He stood stiff and still; and when morning-light came,
He stood, like a post, without life in his frame.

The youth and the maid were together interr'd,
Sir Erik could not from his posture be stirr'd:

He stood there, as stiffly, for thirty long days,
And look'd on the earth with a petrified gaze.

'Tis said, on the night of the thirtieth long day,
To dust and to ashes he moulder'd away.

* The paradise of the Northern mythology.

SIR MIDDEL

So tightly was Swanelil lacing her vest,
That forth spouted milk, from each lily-white breast;
That saw the Queen-mother, and thus she begun:
'What maketh the milk from thy bosom to run?'
'O this is not milk, my dear mother, I vow;
It is but the mead I was drinking just now.'
'Ha! out on thee minion! these eyes have their sight;
Would'st tell me that mead, in its colour, is white?'
'Well, well, since the proofs are so glaring and strong,
I own that Sir Middel has done me a wrong.'
'And was he the miscreant? dear shall he pay,
For the cloud he has cast on our honour's bright ray;
I 'll hang him up; yes, I will hang him with scorn,
And burn thee to ashes, at breaking of morn.'
The maiden departed in anguish and wo,
And straight to Sir Middel it lists her to go;
Arriv'd at the portal, she sounded the bell,
'Now wake thee, love, if thou art living and well.'
Sir Middel he heard her, and sprang from his bed;
Not knowing her voice, in confusion he said,
'Away: for I have neither candle nor light,
And I swear that no mortal shall enter this night!'
'Now busk ye, Sir Middel, in Christ's holy name;
I fly from my mother, who knows of my shame;
She 'll hang thee up; yes, she will hang thee with scorn,
And burn me to ashes, at breaking of morn.'
'Ha! laugh at her threat'nings, so empty and wild;

She neither shall hang me, nor burn thee, my child:
Collect what is precious, in jewels and garb,
And I 'll to the stable and saddle my barb.'
He gave her the cloak, that he us'd at his need,
And he lifted her up, on the broad-bosom'd steed.
The forest is gain'd, and the city is past,
When her eyes to the heaven she wistfully cast.
'What ails thee, dear maid? we had better now stay,
For thou art fatigu'd by the length of the way;'
'I am not fatigu'd by the length of the way;
But my seat is uneasy, in truth, I must say.'
He spread, on the cold earth, his mantle so wide;
'Now rest thee, my love, and I 'll watch by thy side.'
'O Jesus, that one of my maidens were near!
The pains of a mother are on me, I fear.'
'Thy maidens are now at a distance from thee,
And thou art alone in the forest with me.'
''Twere better to perish, again and again,
Than thou should'st stand by me, and gaze on my pain.'
'Then take off thy kerchief, and cover my head,
And perhaps I may stand in the wise-woman's stead.'
'O Christ, that I had but a draught of the wave!
To quench my death-thirst, and my temples to lave.'
Sir Middel was to her so tender and true,
And he fetch'd her the drink in her gold-spangled shoe.
The fountain was distant, and when he drew near,
Two nightingales sat there and sang in his ear:
'Thy love, she is dead, and for ever at rest,
With two little babes that lie cold on her breast.'
Such was their song; but he heeded them not,
And trac'd his way back to the desolate spot;
But oh, what a spectacle burst on his view!
For all they had told him was fatally true.
He dug a deep grave by the side of a tree,
And buried therein the unfortunate three.

As he clamp'd the mould down with his iron-heel'd
boot,
He thought that the babies scream'd under his foot:
Then placing his weapon against a grey stone,
He cast himself on it, and died with a groan.
Ye maidens of Norway, henceforward beware!
For love, when unbridled, will end in despair.

THE HEDDYBEE-SPECTRE

I CLOMB in haste my dappled steed,
And gallop'd far o'er mount and mead;
And when the day drew nigh its close,
I laid me down to take repose.

I laid me down to take repose,
And slumbers sweet fell o'er my brows:
And then, methought, as there I slept,
From out the ground the dead man leapt.

Said he, 'If thou art valiant, Knight,
My murder soon will see the light;
For thou wilt ride to Heddybee,
Where live my youthful brothers three:

'And there, too, thou wilt surely find
My father dear and mother kind;
And there sits Kate, my much-lov'd wife,
Who with her women took my life.

'They chok'd me, as in bed I lay,
Then wrapp'd me in a truss of hay;
And bore me out at dead of night,
And laid me in this lonely height.

'The Groom, who lately clean'd my ſtall,
Now ſtruts and vapours through my hall,—
Eats gaily with my silver knife,
And sleeps with Kate, my much-lov'd wife.

'His place is higheſt at the board;
But what is moſt to be deplor'd,
He gives my babes so little bread,
And mocks them now their sire is dead.

'Clad in my clothes he proudly ſtalks
Along the shady foreſt-walks;
And, arm'd with bow and hunting spear,
He shoots my birds and ſtabs my deer.

'Were I alive, to meet him now,
All underneath the linden bough,
With no one nigh, my wrath to check,
I 'd wring his head from off his neck!

'But hie thee hence to Heddybee,
Where live my youthful brothers three;
Firſt tell them all—then ſtab the groom—
Allow my wife a milder doom.'

SIR JOHN

Sir Lavé to the island stray'd;
He wedded there a lovely maid:
'I 'll have her yet,' said John.

He brought her home across the main,
With knights and ladies in the train:
'I 'm close behind,' said John.

They plac'd her on the bridal seat;
Sir Lavé bade them drink and eat:
'Aye: that we will,' said John.

The servants led her then to bed,
But could not loose her girdle red!
'I can, perhaps,' said John.

He shut the door with all his might,
He lock'd it fast, and quench'd the light:
'I shall sleep here,' said John.

A servant to Sir Lavé hied;—
'Sir John is sleeping with the bride:'
'Aye, that I am,' said John.

Sir Lavé to the chamber flew:
'Arise, and straight the door undo!'
'A likely thing!' said John.

He struck with shield, he struck with spear—
'Come out, thou Dog, and fight me here!'
'Another time,' said John.

'And since thou with my bride hast lain,
To our good king I will complain.'
'That thou canst do,' said John.

As soon as e'er the morning shone,
Sir Lavé sought our monarch's throne;
'I 'll go there too,' said John.

'O King, chastise this wicked wight,
For with my wife he slept last night.'
''Tis very true,' said John.

'Since ye two love one pretty face,
Your lances must decide the case.'
'With all my heart,' said John.

The sun on high was shining bright,
And thousands came to see the fight:
'Lo! here I am,' said John.

The first course that they ran so free,
Sir John's horse fell upon his knee:
'Now help me God!' said John.

The next course that they ran, in ire,
Sir Lavé fell among the mire.
'He 's dead enough!' said John.

The victor to the castle hied,
And there in tears he found the bride:
'Thou art my own,' said John.

That night, forgetting all alarms,
Again she blest him in her arms.
'I have her now,' said John.

THE TOURNAMENT

This is one of those ballads which, from the days of Arild, have been much sung in Denmark: we find in it the names and bearings of moſt of those renowned heroes, who are mentioned separately in other poems. It divides itself into two parts; the firſt, which treats of the warriors' bearings, has a great resemblance to the 178th chapter of the Vilkina Saga, as likewise has the laſt part, wherein the Duel is described, to the 180th and 181ſt chapters of the same.

I cannot here forbear quoting and translating what Anders Sorensen Vedel, the good old Editor of the firſt Edition of the Kiæmpe Viser, which appeared in 1591, says concerning the apparently superhuman performances of the heroes therein celebrated.

'Hvad ellers Kiæmpernes Storlemhed Styrke og anden Vilkaar berörer, som overgaaer de Menneskers der nu leve deres Vext og Kraft, det Stykke kan ikke her noksom nu forhandles, men skal i den Danske Krönikes tredie Bog videligere Documenter og Kundskab, at disse gamle Hellede, som de kaldes, have levet fast længer, og været mandeligere större stærkere og höiere end den gemene Mand er, som nu lever paa denne Dag.'

'That part which relates to these Warriors' ſize, ſtrength, or other qualities, ſo far ſurpaſſing the ſtature and powers of the men who now exiſt, cannot be here ſufficiently treated upon, but ſhall be further discuſſed in the third Book of the Danish Chronicles: for, in truth, it is diſcovered and proved from various documents and ſources, that theſe old heroes, as they are called, lived much longer, and were manlier, ſtouter, ſtronger, and taller, than men at the preſent day.'

Six score there were, six score and ten,
From Hald that rode that day;
And when they came to Brattingsborg
They pitch'd their pavilion gay.

King Nilaus stood on the turret's top,
Had all around in sight:
'Why hold those heroes their lives so cheap,
That it lists them here to fight?

'Now, hear me, Sivard Snaresvend;
Far hast thou rov'd, and wide,
Those warriors' weapons thou shalt prove,
To their tent thou must straightway ride.'

It was Sivard Snaresvend,
To the broad tent speeded he then:
'I greet ye fair, in my master's name,
All, all, ye Dane king's men.

'Now, be not wroth that here I come;
I come as a warrior, free:
The battle together we soon will prove;
Let me your bearings see.'

There stands upon the first good shield
A lion, so fierce and stark,
With a crown on his head, of the ruddy gold,
That is King Diderik's mark.

There shine upon the second shield
A hammer and pincers bright;
Them carries Vidrik Verlandson,
Ne'er gives he quarter in fight.

There shines upon the third good shield
A falcon, blazing with gold;
And that by Helled Hogan is borne;
No knight, than he, more bold.

There shines upon the fourth good shield
An eagle, and that is red;
Is borne by none but Olger, the Dane;
He strikes his foemen dead.

There shines upon the fifth good shield
A couchant hawk, on a wall;
That 's borne by Master Hildebrand;
He tries, with heroes, a fall.

And now comes forth the sixth good shield,
A linden is thereupon;
And that by young Sir Humble is borne,
King Abelon's eldest son.

There shines upon the seventh good shield
A spur, of a fashion so free;
And that is borne by Hogan, the less,
Because he will foremost be.

There shines upon the eighth good shield
A gray wolf, meagre and gaunt;
Is borne by youthful Ulf van Jern;
Beware how him you taunt!

There shine upon the ninth good shield
Three arrows, and white are they;
Are borne by Vidrik Stageson,
And trust that gallant you may.

There shines upon the tenth good shield
A fiddle, and 'neath it a bow;
That 's borne by Folker Spillemand;
For drink he will sleep forgo.

There shines upon the eleventh shield
A dragon that looks so dire;
Is carried by Orm, the youthful swain;
He trembles at no man's ire.

And, now, behold the twelfth good shield,
And upon it a burning brand;
Is borne by stout Sir Vifferlin
Through many a prince's land.

There stands upon the thirteenth shield
A sprig of the mournful yew;
That 's borne by Harrald Griskeson;
And he 's a comrade true.

There stands upon the fourteenth shield
A cloak, and a mighty staff;
And them bore Alsing, the stalwart monk,
When he beat his foes to chaff.

And now comes forth the fifteenth shield,
And upon it three naked blades
Are borne by good King Esmer's sons,
In their wars and furious raids.

There stands upon the sixteenth shield,
With coal-black pinion, a crow;
That 's borne by rich Count Raadengaard;
The dark Runes well can he throw.*

There shines upon the seventeenth shield
A horse, so stately and high,
Is borne by Count Sir Guncelin;
'Slay! slay! bide not,' is his cry.

* By scattering 'Runes,' or Runic letters, over graves, provided they formed a particular rhyme, the ancient Scandinavians imagined that the dead might be aroused.

There shine upon the eighteenth shield
A man, and a fierce wild boar,
Are borne by the Count of Lidebierg;
His blows fall heavy and sore.

There shines upon the nineteenth shield
A hound, at the stretch of his speed;
Is borne by Oisten Kiæmpe, bold;
He risks his neck without heed.

There shines upon the twentieth shield,
Among branches, a rose, so gay;
Wherever Sir Nordman comes in war,
He bears bright honour away.

There shines on the one-and-twentieth shield
A vase, and of copper 'tis made;
That 's borne by Mogan Sir Olgerson;
He wins broad lands with his blade.

And now comes forth the next good shield,
With a sun dispelling the mirk;
And that by Asbiorn Mildé is borne;
He sets the knights' backs at work.*

There shines on the three-and-twentieth shield
An arm, in a manacle bound;
And that by Alvor Sir Langé is borne,
To the heroes he hands mead round.

Now comes the four-and-twentieth shield,
And a bright shield there you see;
And that by Humble Sir Jerfing is borne;
Full worthy of that is he.

* Han lærer de Kiæmpers Ryg at verke.

There shines upon the next good shield
A goss-hawk, ſtriking his game;
That 's borne by a knight, the beſt of all—
Sir Iver Blaa is his name.

Now comes the six-and-twentieth shield,
A jav'lin there you ſpy;
Is borne by little Mimring Tan;
From no one will he fly.

Such knights and bearings as were there,
And who can them all relate;
It was Sivard, the Snaresvend;
No longer he deign'd to wait.

'If there be one of the Dane king's men,
Who at Dyſt* is willing to ride,
Let him, I pray, without pauſe or delay,
Meet me by the wild wood's ſide.

'The man among you, ye Daniſh court men,
Who at Dyſt has won moſt meeds;
Him I am ready to fight, this day,
For both of our noble ſteeds.'

The heroes caſt the die on the board;
The die it roll'd ſo wide:
'Since young Sir Humble, it ſtops by thee,
'Gainſt Sivard thou muſt ride.'

Sir Humble ſtruck his hand on the board;
No longer he liſts to play:
I tell you, forſooth, that the roſy hue
From his cheek faſt faded away.

* To ride at Dyſt, to battle on horseback.

'Now, hear me, Vidrik Verlandson;
Thou art so free a man;
Do lend me Skimming, thy horse, this day;
I 'll pledge for him what I can:

'Eight good castles, in Birting's land,
As pledges for him I 'll set;
My sister too, the lily-cheek'd maid,
A fairer thou ne'er hast met:

'Eight good castles, and eight good knights;
I 'd scorn to offer thee less:
If Skimming should meet any hurt this day,
My sister thou shalt caress.'

'If yonder mountains all were gold,
And yonder streams were wine;
The whole for Skimming I would not take;
I bless God he is mine.

'Sivard is a purblind swain;
Sees not to his faulchion's end:
If Skimming were hurt thou couldst not pay me
With the help of thy every friend.

'The sword it whirls in Sivard's hand,
As whirl the sails of the mill;
If thou take Skimming 'gainst that wild fool,
'Tis sorely against my will.'

Humble, he sat him on Skimming's back,
So gallantly can he ride;
But Skimming thought it passing strange
That a spur was clapt to his side.

The first course that together they rode,
So strong were the knightly two,
Asunder went Humble's saddle-ring,
And a furlong his good shield flew.

'Methinks thou art a fair young swain,
And well thy horse canst ride;
Dismount thee, straight, and gird up thy steed;
I am willing for thee to bide.'

The second course that together they rode
Was worthy of knights renown'd;
Then both their saddles burst in two,
And Humble was sent to the ground,

'Now have I cast thee from thy steed,
Thy courser by right is mine;
But, tell me, youthful and gallant swain,
What parents gave birth to thee?'

'Abelon is my father's name;
He sits upon Birting's throne:
Queen Ellina my mother is,
And that for truth is known.

'Queen Ellina my mother is—
A Queen whom all admire;
Good King Abelon Haardestaal,
So call they my hoary sire.

'And who am I, but Humble, the young,
A knight of Birting's land;

Of hero race, whose fame extends
To the wide earth's farthest strand.'

'If Abelon be thy father's name,
The courser I straight restore;
Thou art, I find, my very good friend;
I knew thee not, youth, before.

'If Queen Ellina thy mother is,
Then Skimming thou hast rewon;
Thou art, indeed, my very good friend;
Thou art my sister's son.

'Take both the shield ropes, take them straight,
And bind me to yon oak tree;
Then hie thee back to King Diderik,
And say thou hast conquer'd me.'

In came Humble, the youthful knight,
Was clad in a kirtle, green;
'O! I have got my courser again,
And have bound the warrior keen.'

In came Humble, with boot and spur,
He cast on his table the sword:
'Sivard stands in the green wood bound,
He speaks not a single word.

'O, I have been to the wild forest,
And have seiz'd the warrior stark;
Sivard there was taken by me,
And tied to the oak's rough bark.'

'Now hear me, young Sir Humble, the knight,
'Tis plain a jest is meant,
Whenever Sivard was bound by thee,
'Twas done with his own consent.'

It was Vidrik Verlandson,
And he would fain know all.
'O, I will ride to the wood, and see
How Sivard endures his thrall.'

Vidrik spoke to his burly groom:
'Go, saddle me Skimming gray,
For I will ride to the wood, and hear
What Sivard himself will say.'

Sivard stands in the good green wood,
There sees he Vidrik ride:
'If Vidrik finds me bounden here,
He 'll hew my rib-bones from my side.'

Then loud laugh'd Vidrik Verlandson,
And Skimming began to neigh,
For Sivard rooted the oak tree up;
He dar'd no longer stay.

The queen she sat in the high, high, loft,
And thence look'd far and wide:
'O there comes Sivard Snaresvend,
With a stately oak at his side.'

Then loud laugh'd fair Queen Gloriant,
As she look'd on Sivard full:
'Thou wert, no doubt, in great, great need,
When thou such flowers didst pull.'

The King he stood at the castle gate,
In his robes and kingly crown:
'O there comes Sivard Snaresvend,
And he brings us Summer to town.'*

Now dance the heroes by Brattingsborg;
They dance in their coats of felt;
There dances Sivard, the purblind swain,
With an oak tree under his belt.

* It was formerly the custom in Denmark, upon St. John's day, to celebrate the arrival of Summer, by troops of youths and maids going out into the woods, and thence returning bedecked with leaves and branches. This ceremony was called 'bringing Summer to town.'

THE DECEIVED MERMAN

Fair Agnes alone on the sea-shore stood,
Then rose a Merman from out the flood:

'Now, Agnes, hear what I say to thee,
Wilt thou my leman consent to be?'

'O, freely that will I become,
If thou but take me beneath the foam.'

He stopp'd her ears, and he stopp'd her eyes,
And into the ocean he took his prize.

The Merman's leman was Agnes there,—
She bore him sons and daughters fair:

One day by the cradle she sat and sang,
Then heard she above how the church bells rang:

She went to the Merman, and kiss'd his brow;
'Once more to church I would gladly go.'

'And thou to church once more shalt go,
But come to thy babes back here below.'

He flung his arm her body around,
And he lifted her up unto England's ground.

Fair Agnes in at the church door stepp'd,
Behind her mother, who sorely wept.

'O Agnes, Agnes, daughter dear!
Where hast thou been this many a year?'

'O, I have been deep, deep under the sea,
And liv'd with the Merman in love and glee.'

'And what for thy honour did he give thee,
When he made thee his leman beneath the sea?'

'He gave me silver, he gave me gold,
And sprigs of coral my hair to hold.'

The Merman up to the church door came;
His eyes they shone like a yellow flame;

His face was white, and his beard was green—
A fairer demon was never seen.

'Now, Agnes, Agnes, list to me,
Thy babes are longing so after thee.'

'I cannot come yet, here must I stay
Until the priest shall have said his say.'

And when the priest had said his say,
She thought with her mother at home she 'd stay.

'O Agnes, Agnes, list to me,
Thy babes are sorrowing after thee.'

'Let them sorrow, and sorrow their fill,
But back to them never return I will.'

'Think on them, Agnes, think on them all;
Think on the great one, think on the small.'

'Little, O little, care I for them all,
Or for the great one, or for the small.'

O, bitterly then did the Merman weep;
He hied him back to the foamy deep:

But, often his shrieks and mournful cries,
At midnight's hour, from thence arise.

SWEDISH

RING'S DRAPA

Sits now in grave hill
Grandly the great king,
Broad sword at broad belt,
Buckler on arm;
Wildly without there
Whinnies his war-horse,
Scrapeth the ground-walled
Grave with his hoof.

Rapidly rideth
Ring now o'er Bifröst,
Quaketh the burden'd
Bridge of the bow,
Open fly Valhal's
Wide doors in welcome,
Hands of the High Gods
Hang now in his.

Thor is but wanting,
Warfare he wages;
Winks for the wine cup
Valfather now;
Ripe corn doth Frey wreathe
Round the brow royal,
Blue flowers fastens
Frigga therein.

Braga the God-skald
Grasps now the gold-string,
Seldom so soothing
Soundeth the song.
List'ningly leaning,
How o'er the table
Vanadis' bright breast
Burns while it hears!

Swords ever singing,
Severing of helmets,
Boisterous billows,
Blushing with blood!
Strength, the great Gods' gift,
Granted in goodness,
Brutal as Baresark,
Biteth the shield.

THE VIKINGABALK

So he sail'd wide around on the wild roomy sea,
Like a hawk that has quarry in view,
But to govern his men he drew laws on a balk
Hear the Vikinga code that he drew.

'Never tent ship o'erspread, never sleep in a house,
Within the door foes ever stand;
The blue sky his awning, the Viking must sleep
On his shield with his sword in his hand.

'O short in its shaft is the hammer of Thor,
But an ell is the weapon of Frey;
Be no longer your sword and you ne'er find it short,
To your foe if sufficiently nigh.

'When it storms on the sea, hoist your top-gallants high,
O 'tis brave 'fore the tempests to bound;
The coward strikes sail, ere you lower a reef,
In the womb of the billow be drown'd!

'Kiss your girl when on land, but on board bring her not,
Were she Freia she thee would ensnare,
For her cheek's dimple smooth is a dangerous gulf,
And a net is her wild flowing hair.

'Wine is drink for the Gods, a carouse thou mayst have,
Like a man if thou carry thy drink;
He who tumbles on land can get up, but here
To smothering Ran he must sink.

'When the merchant sails forth, thou his ship must protect,
But fair tollage he must not withhold;
He is slave of his gain, thou art lord on thy wave
And as good is thy steel as his gold.

'By casting and die share your booty on deck,
Whate'er thy lot, never moan,
But the sea-king himself never casteth a die—
He has nought save the glory alone.

'Draws a Viking ship near, up and board it at once,
'Neath the bucklers hot grows the play;
He who budges a step, from our band is dismissed;
That known, you can choose your own way.

'When victory's won, be content, he who begs
For grace is no longer a foe,
For prayer is the child of Valhalla, my boys,
He 's a nidding who says to it "No."

'The gain of the Vikings a wound it adorns,
If on breast or on forehead 'tis found,
Though it stream, though it stream, if our mate you 'd be deem'd,
Bind not during battle your wounds.'

Thus his laws he has drawn and his name with each dawn
More fair on the foreign coasts grew,
And his equal he found not upon the blue sea,
And to fight was the joy of his crew.

But he sat lone and dark by the helm of his bark,
Gazing rapt in the ocean below:
'Thou art deep—in thy depths perhaps peace may abide,
But above it abides not, I trow.

'If the Pale One is wroth, he his faulchion can take;
I will fall, if my fall is decreed,
But he sits in the cloud and he thoughts sendeth down,
In my soul murky horror which breed.'

But when battle is near, then his soul takes a flight,
As an eagle that 's rested doth soar,
Serene is his brow and resounding his voice,
Like the thunder god stands he before.

So from victory roving to victory still
O'er the foamy grave safely he pass'd,
And southward he speeded by skerry and isle,
Till he came to the Greek sea at last.

When the groves he beheld from the waves which arise
With the temple which nods to its fall,
The thought of his breast Freia knows and the skald,
So do ye, O ye loving ones all.

'Here was cure for our woe, here is isle, here is grove,
And yonder the temple stands forth,
Which my father described; here my lov'd one I bade,
But the cruel one stay'd in the North.

'Dwells not peace in yon shadowy valleys of light?
Dwells not faith those cool arbours among?
Like the whisperings of love is the purl of the brook,
Like a bride lay the little birds' song.

'Where is Ingeborg now? Am I wholly forgot,
For the monarch so wither'd and hoar?
Ah, I cannot forget her, my life I would give,
But to see, but to see her once more.

'Three years have pass'd by, since my own native land
And the high hall of saga I 've seen;
Do its mountains so noble yet tower to the skies?
Is the vale of my fathers yet green?

'On the height where my sire is entombed, I have set
A linden—ah, still doth it live?
Who guardeth the tender one? Earth, yield it sap,
O heaven, thy dew to it give.

'But why rock I here longer on these foreign waves,
Taking tribute and slaying my kind?
I have honour enough and the red heavy gold
I despise from the depths of my mind.

There 's a flag on the mast and it points to the North,
In the North is [the] land I love dear,
The course I will follow of heaven's free winds
And back to the North I will steer.

MODERN NORWEGIAN and DANISH

WESSEL'S EPIGRAM ON HIMSELF

He ate, and drank, and slip-shod went,
Was ever grieving and misgiving;
For nothing fit, nor competent,
At last not even fit for living.

THORVALD

Swayne Treskieg did a man possess,
Sir Thorvald hight;
Though fierce in war, kind acts in peace
Were his delight.
From port to port his vessels fast
Sailed wide around,
And made, where'er they anchor cast,
His name renown'd.
But Thorvald has freed his King.

Prisoners he bought—clothes, liberty
On them bestowed,
And sent men home from slavery
To their abode.
And many an old man got his boy,
His age's stay;
And many a maid her youth's sole joy,
Her lover gay.
But Thorvald has freed his King.

A brave fight Thorvald loved full dear,
For brave his mood;
But never did he dip his spear
In feeble blood.
He followed Swayne to many a fray
With war-shield bright,
And his mere presence scar'd away
Foul deeds of might.
But Thorvald has freed his King.

They hoist sail on the lofty mast,
It was King Swayne,
He o'er the bluey billows pass'd
With armed train.
His mind to harry Bretland* boiled;
He leapt on shore
And every, every thing recoiled
His might before.
But Thorvald has freed his King.

Yet slept not Bretland's chieftain good;
He speedily
Collected a host in the dark wood
Of cavalry.
And evil through that subtle plan
Befell the Dane;
They were ta'en prisoners every man,
And last King Swayne.
But Thorvald has freed his King.

'Now hear thou prison-foogd!‡ and pray
My message heed;
Unto the castle take thy way,
Thence Thorvald lead!
Prison and chains become him not,
Whose gallant hand
So many a handsome lad has brought
From slavery's band.'
But Thorvald has freed his King.

The man brought this intelligence
To the bower's door,
But Thorvald, with loud vehemence,
'I 'll not go,' swore.

* Britain.

‡ Prison-foogd, the governor of the prison; Dan. *fogd.*

'What—go, and leave my sovereign here,
In durance sore?
No! Thorvald then ne'er worthy were
To lift shield more.'
But Thorvald has freed his King.

What cannot noble souls effect?
Both freedom gain
Through Thorvald's prayer, and the respect
His deeds obtain.
And from that hour unto his grave,
Swayne ever show'd
Towards his youth's friend, so true and brave,
Fit gratitude.
But Thorvald has freed his King.

Swayne Treskieg sat with kings one tide,
O'er mead and beer,
The cushion soft he stroked and cried,
'Sit, Thorvald, here.
Thy father ne'er rul'd land like me
And my compeers!
But yarl and nobleman is he
Whose fame thine nears.
For Thorvald has freed his King.'

PETER COLBIORNSEN

'Fore Frederekſteen King Carl he lay
With mighty hoſt;
But Frederekshal from day to day
Much trouble coſt.
To seize the sword each citizen
His tools let fall,
And valiant Peter Colbiornsen
Was firſt of all.
Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.

'Gainſt Frederekshal so fierce and grim
Turned Carl his might,
The citizens encountered him
In numbers slight,
But ah, they fought like Northern men,
For much loved land,
And it was Peter Colbiornsen
That led the band.
Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.

Such heavy blows the Norsemen deal
Amid the foe,
Like ripe corn 'fore the reaper's ſteel
The Swedes sink low.
But ſturdieſt reaper weary will,
So happ'd it here;
Though many the Norwegians kill,
More, more appear.
Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.

Before superior force they flew,
As Norsemen fly,
They but retired, the fight anew
Unawed to ply.
Now o'er the bodies of his slain
His way Carl makes;
He thinks he has the city ta'en,
But he mistakes.
Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.

A speedy death his soldiers found
Where'er they came;
For Norse were posted all around,
And greeted them;
Then Carl he sent, but sorely vext,
To Frederiksteen,
And begg'd that he might bury next
His slaughtered men.
Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.

'No time, no time to squander e'er
Have Norsemen bold,
He came self-bidden 'mongst us here,'
Thus Carl was told;
'If we can drive him back agen,
We now must try!'
And it was Peter Colbiornsen
Made that reply.
Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.

Lo! from the town the flames outburst,
High-minded men!
And he who fired his house the first
Was Colbiornsen.

Eager to quench the fire, the foes
  Make quick resort,
But bullets fell as faſt as snows
  Down from the fort.
Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.

Now rose the blazes toward the sky,
  Red, terrible,
His heroes' death the King thereby
  Could see right well.
Sir Peter's word he then made good,
  His hoſt retires;
But in his path the ſteen it ſtood,
  And on him fires.
Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.

Magnificent 'midſt corse and blood
  Glowed Frederekshal;
Illum'd its own men's courage proud,
  And Swedesmen's fall.
Whoe'er saw pile funereal flame
  So bright as then?
Sure never shall expire thy name,
  O Colbiornsen!
Thus for Norroway fight the Norsemen.

THE EIDER-GOOSE

An eider-goose fast, fast was sticking,
And unto heaven 'gan to call,
A fisherman who heard it shrieking,
Ran straight and freed it from its thrall:
'Our North Sea's pride! of birds thou fairest!
How glad am I, who rescued thee!
What lovely, white, soft plumes thou bearest
But warm henceforward they shall me!'
So pluck'd he it and it lamented,
Half dead and bleeding, in this strain:
'Ah, why was I with life presented,
To have my warmth from me thus ta'en?'

TIME'S PERSPECTIVE

Through the city sped a youth,
He was little gay, in truth,
'Twas an evening dark and dim,
And a desert place to him.
From his childhood he was wont
High upon the mountain front,
In a castle old to dwell,
Where Sol's earliest lustre fell,
And where last his purple look
Dwelt, when he departure took.

Learn'd and pious was the lad,
Many a book he studied had,
Liv'd, by aid of fancy strong,
Long departed days among;
Could from ancient scripts repeat
Every hero's every feat;
And in modern pages sought
Heroes—'twas an idle thought:
So he flung contempt and scorn
On the days when he was born.

As he trod the city ground
Comfortless, he look'd around.
As the sun went down to rest,
Gloomier thoughts his mind possess'd,
In the mile-long street he stood
Sore dissatisfied of mood;

Down the row of houses tall
Look'd he with contempt and gall:
'What a nest 'tis; what a den!
Worms its dwellers are, not men.'

Whilst indulging thoughts like these,
Him a vigorous old man sees;
Hears him mourn the sad decays
Of our too degenerate days.
Save the past he deem'd that nought
Merits even a passing thought;
Setting up in sad array
Our to-day 'gainst yesterday—
Paradise and Noah's ark
'Gainst a hut of birch-tree bark.

When the old man saw the lad,
And the wandering thoughts he had,
He approach'd to him and cried,—
'I with you quite coincide:
Nothing like the past is dear.
What 'gainst yonder is there here?
When in chronicles we gaze
On the long since vanish'd days,
And then turn to what we see,
Wormwood must the contrast be.

'What a difference! there a bright
Galaxy of deeds of might,—
But as time advancing flows,
Duller, duller still it grows;
All, in gloom divided far,
Here and there appears a star
Pale, and blent with vapours foul,
Powerless to move my soul;—
Just as when we cast our view
Down this street's lamp-avenue.'

'Sir, you're right,' replied the youth;—
'Who'll deny so plain a truth?'
Then the old man bid him go
Down with him the long, long row;
And when they, slow pacing on,
To its end at length had won,
The old man with placid look
By the hand young dreamer took,
Turn'd him, saying, 'See if thou
'Midst the galaxy art now.'

'No, no, no,' the young man said:
'Hence the galaxy is fled.
Far divided in the night,
Burneth here and there a light;
There, where I outspit my gall,
Gleameth now the lustre all.'
Then the old man: 'I nor you
Time can penetrate, 'tis true':—
Gaz'd awhile his face upon,
Smil'd, embrac'd him and was gone.

THE MORNING WALK

To the beech grove with so sweet an air
  It beckon'd me,
O Earth! that never the cruel plough-share
  Had furrow'd thee!
In their dark shelter the flowerets grew,
  Bright to the eye,
And smil'd by my foot on the cloudlets blue,
  Which deck'd the sky.

To the wood through a field I took my way;
  There I could see
On the field an uppil'd ſtone-heap lay,
  'Twixt hillocks three;
So anciently grayly white it ſtood,
  An oblong ring:
Here doubtless was held in the old time good
  A royal Ting.

The royal ſtone, which there doth ſtand,
  The Stol-king press'd,
With crown on head, and sceptre in hand,
  In sables drest.
And every warrior solemnly pac'd
  Peaceful in thought,
And down on his ſtone himself calmly plac'd—
  No sword he brought.

The king's house stood on yonder height,
With walls of power;
On yon had his daughter, the damsel bright,
Her maiden bower.
Upon the third the temple stood,
Through the North famed wide,
Where to Thor was offered the he-goat's blood,
In reeking tide.

O lovely field! and forest fair,
And meads grass-clad;
Her bride-bed Freya everywhere
Enamelled had.
The corn-flowers rose in azure band
From earthly cell;
Nought else could I do but stop and stand,
And greet them well.

'Welcome on earth's green breast again,
Ye flowerets dear!
In spring how charming 'mid the grain
Your heads ye rear.
Like stars 'midst lightning's yellow ray
Ye shine red, blue:
O, how your summer aspect gay
Delights my view.'

'O poet! poet! silence keep,
God help thy case:
Our owner holds us sadly cheap,
And scorns our race.
Each time he sees, he calls us scum,
Or worthless tares;
Hell-weeds that but to vex him come
'Midst his corn ears.

'The greatest grace done for our sake
In all his life,
Is from his pocket deep to take
His huge clasp-knife;
And heavy handful then to cut,
'Midst grumbling much—
Us with tobacco leaves to put
In seal-skin pouch.

'He says, he says, that smoked this way,
We dross of the field,
To the world by chance, by poor chance, may
Some benefit yield;
But as for our beauty, our blue and red hues,
'Tis folly indeed—
The mouth is his only test of use,
And that's his creed.'

'O wretched mortals!—O wretched man!
O wretched crowd!—
No pleasures ye pluck—no pleasures ye plan
In life's lone road:—
Whose eyes are blind to the glories great
Of the works of God;
And dream that the mouth is the nearest gate
To joy's abode.

'Come, flowers! for we to each other belong,
Come, graceful elf,
And around my lute in sympathy strong
Now wind thyself;
And quake as if mov'd by zephyr's wing,
'Neath the clang of the chord,
And a morning song with glee we'll sing
To our Maker and Lord!'

DAME MARTHA'S FOUNTAIN

Dame Martha dwelt at Karisegaard,
So many kind deeds she wrought:
If the winter were sharp and the rich man hard,
Her gate the indigent sought.

With her hand the hungry she loved to feed,
To the sick she lent her aid;
The prisoner oft from his chains she freed,
And for souls of sinners pray'd.

Denmark's land was in peril dire,
The Swede around burnt and slew;
The castle of Martha was wrapped in fire,
To the church the good lady flew.

She dwelt in the tower both night and day,
There unto her none repaired;
'Neath the church roof sat the dull owl gray,
And at the good lady stared.

In the house of the Lord she dwelt safe and content
Till the foes their departure had ta'en;
Then back to her ruined castle she went,
And bade it be builded again.

There found the houseless a cover once more,
And the mouths of the hungry bread;
But all in Karise-By* wept sore
When they knew Dame Martha dead.

*Karise-By=Karise Village.

And when the Dame lay in her coffin and smil'd,
So calm with her pallid face,
O there was never so little a child
But was brought on her to gaze.

The bell on the day of the burial toll'd,
And youth and age shed the tear;
No man was ever so weak or old
But helped to lift the bier.

When they the bier set down for a space,
And rested upon the road,
A fountain sprang forth in that very place,
To this hour has it flow'd.

God bless for ever the pious soul,
Her blessings no lips can tell;
For oft have the sick become sound and whole,
Who drank at Dame Martha's well!

The tower yet stands with gloomy nook,
Where Dame Martha sat of old;
The stranger comes thereon to look,
And to hear the story told.

CORT ADELER

Cort Adeler was a right gallant wight,
His fame wide and diſtant was carried;
He wrought ſo many a deed of might,
While by foreign ſtrands he tarried.

With terror they nam'd him in Myklegaards ſtreet,
The Turks the Hero deteſted;
With his ſword he ſo many laid dead at his feet,
Five thouſand with chains he inveſted.

By Tenedos ſang he his loud triumph ſong.
While a ſingle ſhip he was repairing,
In ſight hove Sir Ibrahim, the tall and the ſtrong,
And with fury his eyes were glaring.

'Gainſt Cort with a thouſand men took he his way,
Of victory nothing he doubted,
They boarded the ſhip, far apart as it lay,
And loud on the Chriſtian hounds ſhouted.

On the deck then enſued ſuch a deſperate fight,
So many a Chriſtian now bleedeth;
Cort Adeler, whirling his faulchion bright,
To meet the tall Moſlem proceedeth.

At the head of his foemen Sir Ibraham ſtrook,
But Cort, to retain his head eager,
Upon his right arm the tempeſtuous blow took,
And that arm was bereft of its vigour.

With his left hand he gripp'd then the hilt of his blade,
  And straight 'fore the gaping beholders
Upon the deck tumbled a fierce-looking head,
  Which he smote from the Turcoman's shoulders.

Each Moslem's sword dropp'd and his courage now quail'd,
  They submit to be bounden like cattle;
Before the fresh breezes from Tenedos sail'd
  The Hero triumphant from battle.

Cort Adeler stood 'fore his sovereign's throne,
  Return'd from his glorious labour;
At the foot of the King he a banner laid down,
  And Sir Ibrahim's powerful sabre.

Now lieth the Hero within the cold grave,
  No heads will he e'er again sever;
But Denmark still keeps his name, banner and glaive,
  And faithful will keep them for ever.

THE NIGHTINGALE

In midnight's calm hour the Nightingale sings
  Of freedom, of love, and delight;
Come, haste to the grove where melody rings,
  'Tis Philomel's notes that invite.
A fowler attentively follows her there,
Resolv'd for his victim to spread out a snare:
Think, girls, of the Nightingale's fate, and beware!

In ambush his nets he carefully brings,
  Glad innocence feels no alarm;
Unguarded her flight—'midst danger she wings—
  And falls into sorrowful harm.
Alas! she is silent, and full of despair,
He glides away quick with his treasure so rare:
Think, girls, of the Nightingale's fate, and beware!

A beautiful cage adorns his fair prize,
  In hope that for him she will sing;
But Freedom, that wafted her notes to the skies,
  Bore Gladness away on its wing.
Thus you, Philomela, resemble the fair,
And we, we delight in the love that we share;
O, think of the Nightingale's fate, and beware!

THE TREASURE-DIGGER

O, would that with last and shoe I had stay'd,
  Without wild desires;
And, ah! no trust in Satan had laid,
  That prince of liars!

Each Saturday night, when slept the rest,
  Away I stroll'd
To the forest, so murky and drear, in quest
  Of buried gold.

And then I beheld the hopping fire glow
  The briar behind;
And down to the earth my wishing-rod low
  Itself declin'd.

I dug then, and gripped the chest's ring amain,
  And held it stout;
But the copper deceitful burst in twain,
  And the fiends laughed out.

Just, just as long was the treasure my own,
  As I trembled with fright;
But soon as I held it secure, down, down
  It sank from sight.

Ye devilish pack, what grin ye at?
I fell not your prey;
I'll trust no more in old women's chat,
And in cross-shaped way.

I go by my last and shoe to stay,
Without wild desires;
And ne'er more in Satan I trust will lay,
That prince of liars!

THE FISHER

The fisherman saddleth his good winged horse,
To be on the deep seems to him his best course.

Against the white strand loud and hoarse the wave breaks,
And towards the strand now the fisherman makes.

And up when the fisher his fishing-line drew,
A fine golden fish on the hook met his view.

Then he laughed in his beard: 'I've of fish seen a store,
But ne'er one with golden cloth kirtle before.

'If I a gold piece for each gold-scale possess'd,
With poverty I should no more be distrest.'

With its tail the fish 'gan the bench furious to smite,
And a strange dance it seemed to the fisherman's sight.

'Thou wealthy man, be not, I pray thee, so gay,
A much quieter part a poor fisher should play.'

The golden fish heard every word as it lay,
Began straight to talk and discourse in this way:—

'I'm full as rich, fisherman, as thou art poor,
And soon for thee happiness I will procure.

'Straight cast me again in the ocean my home,
And a well-doing man thou, I swear, shalt become.

'The Queen of the ocean my mother is, know,
She linen and bolsters on thee shall bestow.

'My father is King in the depths of the sea,
And healthy and strong he shall cause thee to be.

'My lover he sorrows for me in the brine,
My golden cloth kirtle shall also be thine.'

'For the sovereign of fishes I care not a straw,
On myself, if I did, I but laughter should draw.

'For thy mother's fine cushions I care little more,
My own Queen could make better ware any hour.

'But if thou to a wooer thy troth didst allot,
The repose of two lovers destroy I will not.'

The trembling gold fish in the water placed he:
'From such wretched captures the Lord preserve me!

'If to-morrow a like one upon my hook bite,
I shall perish of hunger, poor miserable wight.'

He the rest of the day sat at home by his hearth
And spake not a word that repeating is worth.

He early next morn in his boat his seat took,
And straightway adjusted a bait to his hook.

And soon as he'd overboard cast the fish-line,
The float it descended deep under the brine.

Then he laughed in his beard, and with bitterness said:
'A catch of another gold fish I have made!'

The thin lengthy line he up-drew half unwilling,
And, behold! there upon the hook hung a gold shilling.

And I can forsooth and for certainty say,
That he for delight had no rest the whole day.

But as oft as the line he up-drew from the tide,
Upon the hook never a fish he descried.

For whene'er for the fish he upon the hook sought,
He found that a shilling of gold he had caught.

WELSH

THE MOUNTAIN SNOW

The mountain snow: the stag doth fly,
The wind about the roofs doth sigh.
Love cannot in concealment lie.

The mountain snow: the grove is dark,
The raven black; the hound doth bark,
God keep you from all evil work.

The mountain snow: the crust is sound;
The wind doth twist the reeds around.
Where ignorance is, no grace is found.

MY DAINTY DAME

My dainty Dame, my heart's delight,
My watch's star, serene and bright,
Come to the greenwood, mild is May,
Clad are the arbours, come away!

In me thy spouse and servant see!
To silvan hall I'll usher thee;
Thy bed shall be the leaves heap'd high,
Thy organ's note the cuckoo's cry,
Thy covert warm the kindly wood,
No fairer form therein e'er stood;
Thy dress, my beauteous gem, shall be
Soft foliage stript from forest tree:
The foliage best the forest bore
Serv'd as a garb for Eve of yore;
Thou too throughout the summer day
Shalt rove around in Eve's array;
My Eve thou art, my ever dear,
Thy Adam I'll attend and cheer.

Come to the greenwood, come away!
The floor with grass and flowers is gay,
There ne'er shall start from 'neath a tree
Old Jealousy to startle thee;
Fear not, my love, afar is now
The loon, thy tiresome lord, I trow;
To all a jest amidst his clan
He choler deals in Cardigan:

Here nestled nigh the sounding sea
In Ifor's bush we'll even be;
More bliss for us our fate propounds
On Taf's green banks than Teivi's bounds;
Thy caitiff wight is scarce aware
Where now we lurk, my little fair;
Ah, better here in blooming hall
To hark the cuckoo's hearty call
Than pine through life in piteous mode
Within the Bow Bach's wan abode.

Here welcomes every day we'll find
And plenteous gifts of pleasing kind;
The hill below in hazel bowers
The feast we'll taste of Ifor's towers;
Ifor is nigh, from fear be free,
Of gentle hearts the champion he,
Of liberal hand and lofty brow
The dull Bow Bach's determin'd foe.

HU GADARN

If with small things we Hu compare
No smaller thing than Hu is there;
Yet greatest of the great is He,
Our Lord, our God of mystery.
How swift he moves, a lucid ray,
A sunbeam wafts him on his way;
He's great on land and great on ocean,
Of one more great I have no notion;
I dread lest I should underrate
This being infinitely great.

THE PRINCE OF CYMREE

The muses all of Helicon,
The three graces and the nymphs on its breast that wone,
Your musical instruments take with glee,
To welcome from Spain the prince of Cymree.

Apollo, aptly thy quire attune,
Cause the graces and nymp[h]s to dance every one,
Whilst the Muses all singing shall be
A welcome home to the prince of Cymree.

Give to the Graces garments so fair,
Braid with the fresh verdant laurel their hair,
Deck the nymp[h]s with their jewels, so glorious to see,
That they hie may and welcome the prince of Cymree.

Give out golden gear to the Muses' band bright,
Little brows 'neath the keeper's hand kept from sight,
That fully array'd they may sing sweetilie
A welcome from Spain to the prince of Cymree.

Station each in the place that to her is fit,
Beware and beware anything to omit,
Which thou mayst think can pleasurable be
To the ear and the eye of the prince of Cymree.

Thereupon Phœbus, strike thy harp loud,
Jove's daughters to follow thee ever are proud,
And the three sisters will smile with glee
A welcome to dance to the prince of Cymree.

Change her grief-note let Melpomene sad,
Sing out let Clio a canticle glad,
Let all do, let Thalia precede arm'd agree
With a golden verse to the prince of Cymree.

Mercury, hie thou, go thou in haſte,
Cause thou the Gods the greateſt and leaſt,
And God[d]esses robing themselves suitably,
To go and welcome the prince of Cymree.

Let Jove draw nigh with his beſt men all,
Mars in a rank with his warriors tall,
Phœbus with his minſtrels each singing free,
To welcome from Spain the prince of Cymree.

Let Juno come in her peacock coach,
Vesta on her chariot dove-drawn approach,
Venus on swan shadeless black of blee,
Welcome to give to the prince of Cymree.

Let Venus upon him beauty beſtow,
Pallas peace, Juno riches enow,
Ceres the ripe yellow corn of the lea,
As presents to serve for the prince of Cymree.

Fame, set thou thy wings in motion,
Fly o'er the hill, fly over the ocean,
To the world with thy horn blow ſtren[u]ouslie
A safe return to the prince of Cymree.

Cause thou each in his beſt garb dight,
To come and welcome him home with delight,
And to praise so ferventlie
The Lord for preserving the prince of Cymree.

Boisterous Neptune his dolfins among,
Thetis encompass'd by her syrens' throng
Gave charge to the tritons to see to the sea
To calm it before the prince of Cymree.

Held Eolus the wind, he kept in quiet
The winds so accustomed to rage and to riot,
And caus'd the sun shine forth . . .* lie,
As long as 'twas day on the prince of Cymree.

Nor was Cynthia idle in the meantide,
She nor her maids in the air-vault wide,
To enlighten the world on each side so free,
As long as 'twas night on the prince of Cymree.

Castor and Pollux that brotherly pair,
The Pole of the North and Aurora fair,
And all the stars strove mutualie
To make easy the way to the prince of Cymree.

The sun, moon, stars, the wind and the rain,
The earth, the heaven, and the main,
All, all are announcing visibly
The favour of God to the prince of Cymree.

As soon as he came of England in view,
The whole band of the Gods to disputing flew,
Which should first permitted be
To convey to the land the prince of Cymree.

Mercury, as bearer of benefits to him,
Jove, 'cause he did with power endow him,
Venus, because a moon journey'd had he,
Strove for the day with the prince of Cymree.

* MS illegible.

The father of the Gods, the hoary-headed
Saturn in right of his age then pleaded,
But the sun whom he ever reverenc'd, he
Obtain'd the day from the prince of Cymree.

On October the fifth, which we shan't forget soon,
On the day of the sun, three hours ere noon,
The good Lord brought 'midst general glee
To the shore of Loeger the prince of Cymree.

The Lord caus'd his true angel before him to hie,
To point out the path he should journey by,
And to bring every thing in conformitie
To the will of the heart of the prince of Cymree.

O let us praise the Trinity blest,
Day and night with grateful breast,
For bringing each thing conformablie
To the will of the heart of the prince of Cymree.

Spain she wish'd in subtle way
To keep our prince for many a day;
Still God was determined and eke the countrie
On the quick return of the prince of Cymree.

Since God from his affection deep
Deign'd so much favour on him to heap,
What kind of fair welcome behoves it thee,
Britain, to give to the prince of Cymree.

Let the king with his earls and potentates great
Come townward out in their robes of state,
Escorted by troops that in fight ne'er flee,
To welcome to Britain the prince of Cymree.

The Archbishops and Bishops abounding in grace
Come each with the prelates of his diocese,
In procession to praise with solemnity
The Lord for preserving the prince of Cymree.

Let the mighty Lord Keeper, of Wales the glory,
The ſtar of Loegrias' territory
Come with the Britons so handsome and free
To welcome from Spain the prince of Cymree.

Come let the Welshman whom all Welsh hearts ador'd,
The column of the Kingdom, of Penfro the Lord,
To usher with his gallant men duteouslie
To the house of our Monarch the prince of Cymree.

Let London's Mayor come and his company bold,
Bedeckt with scarlet and chain of gold,
On horses as white as the snow to see,
To honour and welcome the prince of Cymree.

Let the Merchants come too so rich and great,
With the beſt of their wine forth into the ſtreet,
And 'mongſt their friends diſtribute it free,
To drink to the health of the prince of Cymree.

Let all the luſty apprentice chaps
Come shouting and tossing to the heaven their caps,
Delighted and laughing so heartilie,
To welcome from Spain the prince of Cymree.

Let the scholars come of the whole nation,
Bearing their verses of gratulation,
And their . . .* with faces of glee,
To welcome home the prince of Cymree.

* MS. illegible.

Let the ministers come with their parishioners,
Men, women, and children tender of years,
To the churches, to praise upon bended knee
The Lord, for preserving the prince of Cymree.

Let the bells be set ringing of the churches all,
Till the sound the sea and the mountains rebawl,
And the mute earth shall echoing be
A welcome from Spain to the prince of Cymree.

Let fires be lighted, bonfires which shall shew
Of our true hearts the ardent glow,
That the world on each side may see
How devoted we are to the prince of Cymree.

I and my family, as long as I live,
Will night and morn praise upon knee give
To the true God, for bringing 'cross sea
Safe, sound and happy the prince of Cymree.

May the Lord God defend him from treachery aye,
From the snares that popery for him may lay,
And from every wretch who devising shall be
Malice or hurt to the prince of Cymree.

God give him the heart of the bold Ezekias,
The wisdom of Solomon, the zeal of Josias,
God give of David the bravery,
And of Noah the age to the prince of Cymree.

May he as councillor a Joas select,
A Joseph, a Daniel, his realm to inspect,
May we ever a Moses and a Daniel see
Besides on the bench the prince of Cymree.

May Christ with his wings his days protect,
May Christ with his spirit him ever direct,
May Christ in every trial that may be
Strengthen with his grace the prince of Cymree.

May the Lord almighty our kingdom keep,
And blessings upon our King Jamie heap,
Give increase and grace of property,
Above every one to the prince of Cymree.

ELEGY

On Barbara, wife of Richard Middleton, Esq., of Plas Newydd in Llan Silin; originally Barbara Wynn, daughter of William Wynn, Esq., of Maelai; composed in the year 1695, under the similitude of a dialogue between the living and the dead.

THE LIVING

FAREWELL all glee,
Come grief to me;
To the hand of affliction I submit,
My heart 's burst all
Into pieces small.
From out my bosom my spirit has flit;
My wedded wife,
The joy of my life,
Has her covenant broke and from me is gone;
With useless pain
My voice I strain,
And Barbara cry, forlorn and lone;
O beloved shade
Of her who is laid
On the bed of gravel so cold and low,
Society's star,
Which shone near and far
With calm mild lustre, O where art thou?

THE DEAD

Surpris'd I hear,
Thou knowest not where
Thou hast laid her to whom thou by love wast tied;

In a deep cell I
In secret lie,
For short of the living is the pomp and pride;
O little thought they,
But last May day,
Whose high blood gay in their veins did beat,
I soon should become
Cold, inanimate and dumb
And sleep in the sepulchre 'neath their feet;
O Richard, I vow
I should laugh at thee now,
If souls departed to laugh were free;
'Midst the great and fair,
Seek relief from care,
But do not for comfort call on me.

THE LIVING

From house and home
I, alack, might roam
And travel the world to its farthest coast,
Yet still should bear
The grim, cold care,
Came o'er me when first my belov'd I lost;
For my bosom's delight,
My Barbara bright,
That young fresh shoot of a noble tree,
Wherever I turn,
I ceaseless mourn,
For in her my happiness wreck'd I see;
O Maelai's rose,
Remember the vows
At the old church altar made by thee;
Art thou not aware,
Thou solemnly didst swear
To live and to share along with me?

THE DEAD

A vow I spoke,
Which I never broke,
A vow as solemn as well might be,
In constant heart
And tender part
To live and to share along with thee,
Till Death drawing near,
With faulchion sheer
Should cut of our covenant the ties;
And to our great woe
He has cut them, though
He made not the lives of us both his prize;
In the wee house I wone
Where no joy is known,
Where the light of heaven I ne'er can see,
Where I cannot upstand,
Nor move foot and hand,
But am swath'd and fetter'd, whilst thou art free.

THE LIVING

Why call me free?
No freeman he
In chains of bitterness held confin'd;
Through the day I weep,
And at night ne'er sleep
Can gain, whilst I call my belov'd to mind;
Too good for our sphere,
Thou stay'd not here
But quickly wast gone, like a beam of light;
In thy purity,
In thy brilliancy
And affection firm thou has taken flight;
The great and the grand
Of Cambria's land

Couldn't keep us apart in days of yore;
Black calumnies on me,
Fair offers unto thee
Than the voice of the wind thou didst heed no more.

THE DEAD

O Middleton,
Except thee none
'Mongst Cambria's noble sons I 've lov'd;
Thy faithfulness
And thy amiableness
As the rocks unchanging I often prov'd;
But there is need
That fate should speed,
And we know not the path of its wild career;
Of honour my fill
And all my young will
In this stately house I obtain'd last year;
But betwixt us two
The cold earth drew
A letter of divorce in malice and spite;
I am lost to thy hall,
Now for music call
And hie thee a-wooing, gentle wight.

THE LIVING

No joy new or old,
Which the world can unfold,
Not all the skill of the poet race
Can make me give o'er
To sigh full sore,
And bewail distracted my piteous case
On the minstrel train
Red gold I 'd rain,
In their tuneful strings could thee upraise,

Once more to grace
Thy pristine place
And to win universal love and praise.
My hope was strong
I a life full long
Of unmixt bliss should enjoy with thee;
As to-day I gaze
On thy portrait's face,
Dear lovely woman, grief filleth me.

THE DEAD

For the Lord's high sake
From this gloom awake
And cheerful once more become and gay,
And to mind recall
In my actions all,
How blameless I was till my dying day;
What a shame in the end
To the grave to descend,
With rebellion stain'd 'gainst the King above.
Each good man will
In every ill
To the Lord's decree submissive prove;
In thy strong health,
Begirt with wealth,
Enjoy the hours, my husband dear.
When thy pomp and state
At the call of fate
Thou quitt'st, then come to me, even here.

THE LIVING

Far better than the gold
That Maelai doth hold,
Or Maelor's gems these words of thine;

Woe's me, that I
Of thy company
Am bereft, thou lily pure and divine;
There's room for me
In the grave by thee,
And thither for certain I soon will go,
Where we sweet rest,
By nought distrest,
Shall enjoy the covering turf below;
Shall I no beauty find
In thy grave enshrin'd,
Shall I meet no pleasure in that cold place?
Can my wretched eye
Ne'er hope to spy
Again, dear wife, thy lovely face?

THE DEAD

No mortal eye
Can hope to spy
The form in its subterranean home;
I in my flowers
Unto Maelor's towers
And the walls of Maelai no more shall come;
On the mountain yet
Of Olivet
Renewed in form we shall meet again,
And a portrait there,
Regenerate and fair,
Of thy ancient love thou shalt obtain;
And God's own son
Unto every one
On that mountain top shall his lot bestow;
To the righteous falls,
In heaven's halls,
A blissful life which no end shall know.

THE LIVING

Then belov'd, adieu,
Till that day we view
How blest was my lot such a gem to find,
And though thy charms
Be torn from my arms,
The Lord be bless'd who is good and kind.
And make, O Lord,
My thoughts accord
With Thy eternal and wise decrees;
No wonder the excess
Of my wretchedness;
To grant to me patience, O father, please!
And mercy display
In the end, I pray,
Thou father of mercies, upon us two,
And me forgive,
If as long as I live
I remember my fair one tender and true.

THE CUCKOO'S SONG IN MERION

Though it has been my fate to see
Of gallant countries many a one;
Good ale, and those that drank it free,
And wine in streams that seemed to run;
The best of beer, the best of cheer,
Allotted are to Merion.

The swarthy ox will drag his chain,
At man's commandment that is done;
His furrow break through earth with pain,
Up hill and hillock toiling on;
Yet with more skill draw hearts at will
The maids of county Merion.

Merry the life, it must be owned,
Upon the hills of Merion;
Though chill and drear the prospect round,
Delight and joy are not unknown;
O, who would e'er expect to hear
'Mid mountain bogs the cuckoo's tone?

O, who display a mien full fair,
A wonder each to look upon?
And who in every household care
Defy compare below the sun?
And who make mad each sprightly lad?
The maids of county Merion.

O, fair the salmon in the flood,
That over golden sands doth run;
And fair the thrush in his abode,
That spreads his wings in gladsome fun;
More beauteous look, if truth be spoke,
The maids of county Merion.

Dear to the little birdies wild
Their freedom in the forest lone;
Dear to the little sucking child
The nurse's breast it hangs upon;
Though long I wait, I ne'er can state
How dear to me is Merion.

Sweet in the house the Telyn's* strings
In love and joy where kindred wone;
While each in turn a stanza sings,
No sordid themes e'er touched upon;
Full sweet in sound the hearth around
The maidens' song of Merion.

And though my body here it be
Travelling the countries up and down;
Tasting delights of land and sea,
True pleasure seems my heart to shun;
Alas! there's need home, home to speed--
My soul it is in Merion.

* The Harp.

HIRAETH, OR THE BARD'S LONGING

LONGING for them doth fade my cheek;
He was a man, and she was meek;
A lion was he, she full of glee;
He handsome was, she fair to see.
A wondrous concord here was view'd;
He was wise, and she was good;
He liberal was, she kind of mood;
To heaven he went, she him pursued.

MANX

BROWN WILLIAM

Let no one in greatness too confident be,
Nor truſt in his kindred, though high their degree;
For envy and rage will lay any man low:
Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe.

Thou waſt the Receiver of Mona's fair ſtate,
Thy conduct was noble, thy wisdom was great,
And ne'er of thy rule did she weariness show:
Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe.

Thy right hand was Earley, and Theah thy right eye;
Thy ſtate caused thy foemen with rage to swell high;
And envy and rage will lay any man low:
Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe.

How bleſt thy condition in fair Ronaldsway!
Thy mansion, how ſtately! thy garden, how gay!
But oh! what disaſters from envy do flow:
Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe.

'Twas said at thy trial, by men void of faith,
The king, by a letter, demanded thy death;
The jury was frighten'd, and dared not say 'No!'
Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe.

The clan of wild Colcad could ne'er be at rest
Whilst the race of Christeen their own acres possess'd;
And envy and spite will bring any man low:
Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe.

A band of adulterers, curst and unholy,
For Ronaldsway lust, as they did for Logh Molley;
Of Naboth, the tragedy 's played here anew:
Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe.

Not one of the band but received his just meed,
Who acted a part in that damnable deed;
To dwindle away the whole band was not slow:
Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe.

To Callaghyn-doo, and to Vannyster roam,
And call on the Colcad till hoarse ye become;
Gone, gone is the name so well known long ago:
Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe.

A cripple was Robin for many years long,
Who troubled and bullied the island when strong:
His own friends of tending him weary did grow:
Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe.

Sly Richard took ship with thy blood on his hand,
But God can avenge on the sea as on land;
The waves would not bear him, but whelm'd him, I trow;
Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe.

And now, if a few of the seed do remain,
They 're vile as the thistles and briars of the plain;
They ply for their neighbours the pick and the hoe:
Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe.

Should ye walk through all Man you 'll find no one, I reckon,
To mourn for the name that was once in Beemachan;
But thousands of poor who rejoice that 'tis low:
Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe

Proceed to Creganyn, and Balla-logh green,
But where 's there a Colcad to bid ye walk in?
By strangers their homes and their lands are held now:
Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe.

Great Scarlett, in wealth who dwelt down by the bay,
Must toil now with paupers for sixpence a day;
And oft, as I 've heard, has no morsel to chew:
Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe.

The band by whose weapons the great Cæsar died
Were hunted by foes, and all peace were denied;
Not one died the death of kind Nature, O, no!
Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe.

So it fared with the band by whom Willie did die,
Their lands are a waste, their names stink to the sky;
They melted like rime in the ruddy sun's glow:
Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe.

But comfort I take, for 'tis common report
There are shoots of dear Will who are sitting at court,
Who have punished his foes by king's mandate, although
Thy murder, Brown William, fills Mona with woe.

O, 'tis pleasant to think, when one 's wither'd and grey,
There 's race of Brown William in fair Ronaldsway,
That his foemen are crush'd, and their faces can't show,
While the clan of Christeen have no trouble or woe.*

* Here the old ballad—I speak of the original Manx—concludes. The two following stanzas are comparatively modern.

To the counsellors false, both in church and in ſtate,
Bear the public of Mona both loathing and hate,
Who set man againſt man, and the peace would break now,
As thy murder, Brown William, broke hearts long ago.

The lord of our island, Duke Athol the great,
They would gladly persuade, with their parle and their prate,
The corner-ſtones high of his house to lay low,
And to King, Duke, and Mona are foemen, I trow.

MOLLIE CHARANE *

'O, MOLLIE CHARANE, where got you your gold?'
Lone, lone you have left me here.
'O not in the curragh, deep under the mould.'
Lone, lone, and void of cheer.

'O, Mollie Charane, where got you your stock?'
Lone, lone you have left me here.
'O not in the curragh from under a block.'
Lone, lone, and void of cheer.

'O, Mollie Charane, where got you your goods?'
Lone, lone you have left me here.
'O not in the curragh from under two sods.'
Lone, lone, and void of cheer.

Two pair of stockings, and one pair of shoes—
Lone, lone you have left me here—
For twenty-six years old Mollie did use.
Lone, lone, and void of cheer.

* This ballad is founded on a real character—a miser—who by various means acquired a considerable property, and was the first person who ever left 'tocher,' that is fortune, to daughter in Man. His name was Mollie Charane, which words interpreted are 'Praise the Lord.' He lived and possessed an estate on the curragh, a tract of boggy ground, formerly a forest, on the northern side of the island, between the mighty mountains of the Snefell range and the sea.

His stockings were white, but his sandals, alack!—
Lone, lone you have left me here—
Were not of one colour, one white, t' other black,
Lone, lone, and void of cheer.

One sandal was white and t' other dark brown—
Lone, lone you have left me here—
But he 'd two of one colour for kirk and for town.
Lone, lone, and void of cheer.

'O, father, I really can't walk by your side'—
Lone, lone you have left me here—
'If you go to the church in those sandals of hide.'
Lone, lone, and void of cheer.

'O daughter, my dear, if my brogues give you pain'—
Lone, lone you have left me here—
'There 's that in the coffer will make you look fain.'
Lone, lone, and void of cheer.

A million of curses on Mollie Charane—
Lone, lone you have left me here—
The first who gave tocher to daughter in Man.
Lone, lone, and void of cheer.

CORNISH

A TALE FROM THE CORNISH

In Lavan's parish once of yore,
Dwelt on the spot called Tshei an Hor,
A loving couple, man and wife,
But poverty distressed their life.
And thus the man his wife address'd:
'I 'll wander forth of work in quest;
And you, my dearest, you can earn
Your living here till I return.'

His home he leaves, and, far from gay,
Towards the east he took his way.
At length a farmer's dwelling reaching,
He enter'd it, for work beseeching.
'What work canst do?' the farmer cried;
'All kinds of work, sir,' John replied.
Then straight they for a year agree,
Three pounds the wages were to be.

And when the year to end had come
The master paid him down the sum.
'John,' said his master, 'here 's your fee;
But if you 'll it return to me,
A point of wisdom I will teach you.'
Said John: 'Give it me, I beseech you.'
'No, no, to give is not my way.'
'Take it,' said John, 'and say your say.'

Quoth t' other: 'This in memory hold:
Ne'er for the new road leave the old.'

They for another year agree,
The wages just the same to be;
And when the year its end had reached,
The farmer forth the three pounds fetched.
'John,' said his master, 'here 's your fee,
But if you 'll it return to me,
A point of wisdom I will teach you.'
'Give it me, sir, I do beseech you.'
'For nought I will not speak, not I.'
'Well, take it then,' was John's reply.
Quoth t' other: '*Lodge not, for your life,*
With an old man who's a young wife.'

For yet a year they then agree,
The wages still the same to be.
And when the year to end had roll'd,
The three pounds out the master told.
'John,' said the master, 'here 's your fee;
But if you 'll it return to me,
I 'll the best point of wisdom learn you.'
'For that, sir, I 'll the wage return you.'
The farmer said: '*Take this advice,*
Ere striking once, bethink thee twice.'

Now John would serve no longer there,
Home to his wife he would repair.
'Go not to-day,' the farmer spake,
'To-morrow 's my wife's day to bake;
She shall for you prepare a cake
Home to your faithful wife to take.'
The nine pounds in the loaf they hid,
And when John them adieu had bid,

The farmer cried: 'I pray thee carry
This present home unto your deary;
And as ye two there merry make,
Then, and not till then, part the cake.'

John turned him homeward from the door;
And when he reach'd St. Eler's Moor,
He met three Tre-ryn merchants there
Returning home from Exeter.
'We 're glad to see thee, John,' they cried,
'Where hast thou been this long, long tide?'
Says John: 'I'm just from service come,
And to my wife am journeying home.'
'O travel with us,' cried all three,
'And very welcome shalt thou be.'

Before them two roads they behold;
They took the new, John kept the old.
And as they passed by Keou Tshoy Un,
When they had just lost sight of John,
Thieves set upon them furiously,
Whereat they raised a doleful cry,
Which reaching John's ears on his rout,
'Murder!' and 'Thieves!' he bellowed out.

His clamour scared the robber train,
Who from the merchants sped amain,
And when they came to Market Jew
They to their joy met John anew,
And cried: 'What thanks we owe thee, John!
We had for certain, every one,
Been ruined people, but for thee,
Come with us, thou 'lt most welcome be.'

And when they reached the hostelrie
At which it was their wont to lie,

Quoth John: 'The master I must view.'
'The master! what with him wouldst do?'
They answered, 'We 've a mistress here,
And young enough she is, and fair;
To see the host, if you 're inclined,
Him in the kitchen you will find.'

Into the kitchen John he goes,
And sees the master of the house,
An ancient man who turned the spit.
'O, ho!' said John, 'this house I quit;
No sleeping place of it I 'll make,
But in the next will quarters take.'
'Do not go yet,' they cried all three,
'Stay, sup with us, thou 'lt welcome be.'

And now, with grief and shame, I say
That with a friar of orders grey
The mistress had contrived a plan
To murder the poor ancient man,
When sleep had bound the merchants fast
And on their heads the crime to cast.

John in the next house that same night
Saw through a hole i' the wall a light.
So getting up and gently walking,
He heard the friar and woman talking.
The friar said: 'Against yon hole
My back I 'll set, for fear some soul
From the next house our deeds should spy.'

The hostess then most cruelly,
With a silk handkerchief she bore,
Murdered her ancient husband poor,
Strangled him did the accursed slut.
But meanwhile through the hole John cut

A round piece from the friar's gown,
And then in bed again lay down.

At morn ran out the hostess crying
That murdered was her husband lying;
And since nor man nor child had been,
Except the merchants, in the inn,
They should be hanged withouten fail;
They thereupon were led to jail.
John quickly them a visit paid.
'O, John! we 've evil luck,' they said;
'Last night the host was choked in bed,
And upon us the crime is laid.'

'Dear gentlemen,' was John's reply,
'Beseech the Justice instantly
To cause them who the murder wrought
Into his presence to be brought.'
'But who knows who the deed has done?'
They faltered forth; then answered John:
'If I can't prove who did it, I
Will hang for it most willingly.'

'Speak out,' they cried. Said John: 'Last night,
Being in bed, I saw a light;
I rose, as if I 'd had a call—
There was a hole in the house wall,
'Gainst which his back a certain friar
Placed, thereby blinding it entire,
Lest, as he said, some curious eye
From the next house their deeds should spy.
I cut, meanwhile, to him unknown,
A large round piece from off his gown.

To prove that what I 've said is true
I've in my pouch the piece to shew.'
The merchants then were soon set free;
The murderers died on gallows tree.

All three depart from Market Jew,
Together with their comrade true,
Far as Kuz carn na Huila went,
And thence their ways lay different.
Now though the merchants earnest were
That John should with them home repair,
He steadfastly refused their plea,
Longing his wife and home to see.

When of the merchants he lost sight
He lounged away his time till night.
He 'd fain know whether, while he roved
Abroad, his consort faithful proved.

Arrived, he listened at the door,
And heard a man's voice, he was sure,
Within the bed; his knife he drew,
Resolved to slay the guilty two.
But soon remembering the advice,
'*Ere striking once, bethink thee twice*,'
In hurry from the door he strode,
But, soon returning, knocked aloud.

'In name of God, who 's there?' she cried:
''Tis I am here, wife,' John replied.
('Now in the name of blest Marie,
Whom heard I in her company?')
'If John thou art, pray enter free.'
'First bring the light here,' answered he.
'Twas brought, he stepped the threshold o'er.
Quoth he: 'On coming to the door

I heard a man's voice in the bed.'
'Ah, Johnny, when away you sped
In distant parts for work to roam,
I then with child was three months gone;
In bed there lies a comely boy,
Unto us both he 'll be a joy.'

Said John, 'I 've something to disclose.
My master, when I left his house,
Gave me this cake I have in hand,
And with it gave the strict command
When I with thee should merry make
Then and not till then it to break.
I 'll now accomplish what he bade,
Mayhap we 've wherefor to be glad.'

They broke the cake in anxious haste,
The nine pounds in it, lo! were placed.
They took the money, ate the bread,
And I for truth have heard it said
No quarrel e'er or noisy word
'Twixt them from that time forth occurr'd.

Now, Gentles all, my tale is done,
I hope it has your favour won!

GAELIC

ISABEL

O thou with the gold hair, my young Isabel,
Thy cheeks like the rose, like the apple in smell
Is thy kiss and thy dear mouth how beauteous to see,
Thy mouth whence the songs come melodious and free.

In vain for so regal an air we might seek—
Than the sumach's red berry more glowing thy cheek,
Thy blue eyes how lovely, how tender and kind,
A mirror thy face to thy sweet, modest mind.

I may liken my lass to the swan on the stream,
Her skin than the willow bark softer I deem;
How glorious the breasts from her bosom swell forth,
Her hue like the bone that is highest in worth.

And how shall I speak of her gold yellow hair,
Its abundance of ringlets and curls how declare?
The side locks adorning her temples so sheen
Are twisted and woven like harp strings, I ween.

How princely [the] blood without stain of disgrace,
Which flows in thy veins and mounts to thy face
. . .* the blood of Clan Donald ne'er van rushed in
field,
Till forc'd on the black day their right place to yield.

* MS. illegible.

A true Campbell lass is the sweet lovely dear,
Thy friends on that side no superior can fear,
There 's no one that knows thee but boasteth aloud
Thou art sprung from the Earls of Dermid so proud.

The race of thy Grandame 's a high race of might,
The Camerons so eager and fierce for the right,
Full often they 've proved in the wild mountain gorge
How keen are their swords on the redcoats of George.

The lassie most lovely that sun ever saw
Her foster-milk sweet from this bosom did draw;
When she stands by the King on some high gala day,
'Who is she?' full many a young noble will say.

Bless, bless the sweet lassie, whereso'er she shall wend,
So fine and gentle, without twist, without bend.

RANNACH'S LASS

RANNACH['s] lass she has fill'd me with dolour and
choler,
I shall not shake off her, I trow, with speed,
My sporran she' s ſtolen with mony a braw dollar,
That lay in concealment awaiting my need.

O gin Rannac[h']s lassie the prison were ſtow'd in,
To have her condemn'd to the death I would try;
She's ta'en the wee thing that was snug the clout row'd
in,
In secret I kept, and would show to my eye.

I'm sair at heart knowing not what I shall do,
Sin' I am without mare, sin' I am without ass,
Without goat, without kid, without lamb, without ewe,
Or the bonny coo-creature that gnaws the hill grass.

Without the braw siller wae 's me I was never,
Till it went with the jade that car'd nought for my
woe;
O foolish 'twas in her, I ween, to turn reiver,
She rented herself little by laying me low.

How shall I the kirtle of silk ever purchase?
On a Sunday night off I shall take it no more;
With his pack to our land when the merchant now
marches,
I nought shall obtain now of all his fine ſtore.

My bit money so heavy it felt in my pocket,
As though a whole stable of kine were my own;
O, the ill deed that did the vile huzzy that took it,
Fra Tuesday at morn I ha' ceas'd not to moan.

Would that a' the thieves Britain her wide bosom breeds in
Were in the deep sea from all rescue debarr'd,
And Rannach's black lass at the bottom, the weeds in,
The claws of the crab tugging at her so hard.

BRITISH

THE HISTORY OF TALIESIN

Taliesin was a foundling, discovered in his infancy lying in a coracle, on a salmon-weir, in the domain of Elphin, a prince of North Wales, who became his patron. During his life he arrogated to himself a supernatural descent and understanding, and for at least a thousand years after his death he was regarded by the descendants of the ancient Britons in the character of a prophet or something more. The poems which he produced procured for him the title of 'Bardic King'; they display much that is vigorous and original, but are disfigured by mysticism and extravagant metaphor; one of the most spirited of them is the following, which the author calls his 'Hanes' or history.

The head Bard's place I hold
To Elphin, Chieftain bold;
The country of my birth
Was the Cherubs' land of mirth;
I from the prophet John
The name of Merddin won;
And now the Monarchs all
Me Taliesin call.

My inspiration's* flame
From Cridwen's cauldron came;

* Awen, or poetic genius, which he is said to have imbibed in his childhood, whilst employed in watching the cauldron of the sorceress Cridwen.

Nine months was I in gloom
In Sorceress Cridwen's womb;
Though late a child—I'm now
The Bard of splendid brow*;
When roar'd the deluge dark,
I with Noah trod the Ark.

By the sleeping man I stood
When the rib grew flesh and blood.
To Moses strength I gave
Through Jordan's holy wave;
The thrilling tongue was I
To Enoch and Elie;
I hung the cross upon,
Where died the . . .

A chair of little rest
'Bove the Zodiac I prest,
Which doth ever, in a sphere,
Through three elements career;
I've sojourned in Gwynfryn,
In the halls of Cynfelyn;
To the King the harp I play'd,
Who Lochlyn's sceptre sway'd.

With the Israelites of yore
I endur'd a hunger sore;
In Africa I stray'd
Ere was Rome's foundation laid;
Now hither I have hied
With the race of Troy to bide;
In the firmament I've been
With Mary Magdalen.

* I was but a child, but am now Taliesin,—Taliesin signifies: brow of brightness.

I work'd as mason-lord
When Nimrod's pile upsoar'd;
I mark'd the dread rebound
When its ruins ſtruck the ground;
When ſtrode to victory on
The men of Macedon,
The bloody flag before
The heroic King I bore.

I saw the end with horror
Of Sodom and Gomorrah!
And with this very eye
Have seen the . . . ;
I till the Judgment Day
Upon the earth shall ſtray:
None knows for certainty
Whether fish or flesh I be.

IRISH

FINN AND THE DAMSEL, OR THE TRIAL OF WITS

'WHAT 's rifer than leaves?' Finn cried.
'Dew is more rife?' the damsel replied.

'Hotter than fire?' Finn cried.
'The face of a kind-hearted man,' she replied.

'When chance to his hut the stranger doth guide,
And unable he is for his guest to provide.'

'Swifter than wind?' Finn cried.
'The vigour of woman,' the damsel replied.

'Sweeter than honey?' Finn cried.
'The words of affection,' the damsel replied.

'Ranker than bane?' Finn cried.
'A foeman's abuse,' the damsel replied.

'More black than the crow?' Finn cried.
'Death is yet blacker,' the damsel replied.

'More sharp than the sword?' Finn cried.
'Woman's sense at a pinch,' the damsel replied.

'What 's best of all gems?' Finn cried.
'A knife or a dirk,' the damsel replied.

'Softer than down?' Finn cried.
'Love's palm on your cheek,' the damsel replied.

'A ship for all cargoes?' Finn cried.
'The tongs of the smith,' the damsel replied.

'Whiter than snow?' Finn cried.
'Truth is more white,' the damsel replied.

'How many trees are there?' Finn cried.
'The green and the sere make two,' she replied.

'What 's reddest of red?' Finn cried.
'The flush of the freeman when praised,' she replied,
'Or when praise to his merit is meanly denied.'

'Than the radish more brittle?' Finn cried.
'The nature of woman,' the damsel replied.

'What never grows old nor betied?'
'The friendship of man,' the damsel replied.

'What does woman love best?' Finn cried.
'A fair or a dance,' the damsel replied.

'What 's best for your colour?' Finn cried.
'Cool air and good sleep,' the damsel replied.

'How many steeds are there?' Finn cried.
'But two, a horse and a mare,' she replied.

'What 's best of all food?' Finn cried.
'Nought better than milk,' the damsel replied.

'What adorns a man most?' Finn cried.
'High deeds, humble words,' the damsel replied.

'The worst of all fare?' Finn cried.
'Strong drink, if it be too freely supplied,
Or the prate of a fool,' the damsel replied.

BRAN AND THE BLACK DOG

The day we went to the hills to chase
Of dogs we had a brave company;
There heard we the songs of the feather'd race,
The blare of the elk, and the roebuck's cry.

In the hills we had no common sport,
With our dogs and our arms many deer we slew;
When at noon we return'd to our silvan court,
We were a well-pleas'd, laughing crew.

That night the house of the Fenian King
With a band of joyous guests was fill'd;
The manner we sang, whilst we plied the string,
In which the buck and the elk we kill'd.

The valiant Finn arose next day,
Just as the sun rose above the foam;
And he beheld up the Lairgo way,
A man clad in red with a black dog come.

I 'll tell ye what was the stranger's mien;
His complexion was that of the strawberrie;
White as the canach was his skin,
Though black his hair, as black could be.

He came up with a lofty gait,
Said not for shelter he sought our doors;
And wanted neither drink nor meat,
But would match his dog 'gainst the best of ours.

We brought 'gainſt that of the ſtranger youth
The very beſt dogs within our bounds;
But the ſtranger dog had a desperate tooth,
And quickly despatch'd for us fifty hounds.

'A ſtrange fight this,' the great Finn said,
As he turn'd his face towards his clan;
Then his face with rage grew fiery red,
And he ſtruck with his fiſt his good dog Bran.

Bran looked at his maſter with much surprise,
That his maſter should ſtrike him surprise he felt—
'I could hew from the shoulder the hand,' Finn cries,
'With which my dog that blow I dealt.'

Then Bran he shook his collar of gold,
The mountains echoed with his bay;
His terrible eyes like fire-balls roll'd,
And his mind was bent upon canine fray.

'Take off from his neck the collar of gold,
Not right for him now such a thing to bear;
And a free good fight we shall behold
Betwixt my dog and his black compeer.'

Now a likeness I 'll draw of my good dog Bran:
His head was cover'd with shaggy hair,
His breaſt was broad and its colour tan,
His houghs were crook'd, his quarters square.

Four yellow feet had he, I ween,
His sides were black but his belly fair;
A tinge of green on his back was seen,
Of blood-red ears he 'd a pointed pair.

The dogs their noses together placed,
Then their blood was scatter'd on every side;
Desperate the fight, and the fight did last
Till the brave black dog in Bran's gripe died.

'O sure was I,' did Ossian cry,
From the pillar of the dogs with stern delight,
'There was no dog in the Finn country
Could inflict upon Bran the mortal bite.

'O Bran was a stag-hound Morong bred,
And possess'd each canine guile and sleight;
There was no dog in leash e'er led
Could consign our dog to the western height.

'There 's many a damsel, heavenly bright,
With azure eye and yellow hair,
In the land of the son of King Torc this night
Would be proud with my dog her supper to share.'

A grave the valiant hero made
For his good black dog in the field's green breast;
Full fifty dogs the Fenians laid
To the pibroch's blast in the hill to the west.

We went to the dwelling of high MacCoul,
With the King to drink, and dice, and throw;
The King was joyous, his hall was full,
Though empty and dark this night, I trow.

GRASACH ABO, OR THE CAUSE OF GRACE

O, Baillie Na Cortie! thy turrets are tall,
Descried from their top is the oncoming foe;
Though numerous the warriors that watch on thy wall,
Thy hope and thy trust are in Grasach Abo.

O, Baillie Na Cortie! thy chieftains abound
With courage no dangers can ever lay low;
In the day of the fight can their equals be found,
When is roared to the heaven's heights Grasach Abo?

O, Baillie Na Cortie! brave helps thou hast nigh,
Will rise at thy summons full quickly, I trow;
The Shortuls, Roothes, Shees, clans so mighty and high,
Will rise on the foemen of Grasach Abo.

O, Baillie Na Cortie! thy banner shall bound
Blood red in the winds o'er the battle that blow;
When thy lion so gallant breathes terror around,
And thy soldiers are shouting out Grasach Abo.

O, Baillie Na Cortie! thy armoury boasts
The arms of great chiefs on the wall in a row;
Gilliepatrick let fall, and O'More of the hosts,
When they ran in red rout before Grasach Abo.

O, Baillie Na Cortie! when blazed the bright swords,
Thy sons gave the Butlers a signal o'erthrow;
When Desmond was scattered with all his dark hordes,
He loathed the wild war whoop of Grasach Abo.

O, Baillie Na Cortie! thou needest no aid
Of strangers the day when the blood torrents flow;
The Brennaghs, Pow'rs, Purcels with buckler and blade,
Shall triumph and feast with the Grasach Abo.

O, Baillie Na Cortie! thy bards hope to praise
Thee, thee through long ages undarkened with woe;
And him, thy brave chieftain, his bountiful ways,
And the heroes who bleed for the Grasach Abo.

AN IRISH BLESSING

STRONG health, no strife,
Long lease of life,
And God's grace to attend ye—
If my blessing 's scant,
And more ye want,
I wish the Devil may mend ye!

A WITCH RHYME

YOUR father was a warlock,
Your mother was a witch,
Ye're a fairy woman yourself—
A black cat ye have!
Borne on the cat-beast,
Which serves ye for a horse-beast,
Ye gallop over countries,
Ye gallop over oceans,
And sometimes through the air;
Ye dwell in the mountains
And in the boggy places—
Ye have the priest's curse,
And not his benediction.

DUTCH

CHORUS OF THE NUNS OF SANTA CLARA

O Christmas night, O Christmas night,
But ill can Herod bear the light
  Illumining thy gloom profound,
A light that 's worshipp'd far and near;
No supplication he will hear
  However piercing it may sound.

By taking harmless infants' lives,
To slay the Saviour child he strives
  And wakes in town and land a shriek,
In Bethlehem and on the wold,
And makes the soul of Rachel bold,
  Who wandering goes her babes to seek.

Now looks she east, now looks she west,
Ah! who shall soothe her heart distrest,
  When she beholds her children dead?
She sees them lying in their gore,
The beauteous babes she lately bore,
  And many a warrior's faulchion red.

The milk she sees upon the tips
Of her dear infants' pallid lips,
  From mothers' paps but freshly drain'd;
She sees the tender tear-drops too
Hanging upon their cheeks like dew,
  But all, alas! with blood bestain'd.

The eyebrows now are arching o'er
Sweet little laughing orbs no more,
  Which caus'd the mother heart to leap;
Those orbs are ſtiff, their motion fled,
A heaven the countenance which made,
  Before a miſt did o'er it sweep.

O, who can all the woe declare
Or say how many flowrets fair
  Were wither'd there and left forlorn,
Ere they their tender leaves unbound
Or caſt their sweet perfume around
  Or drank the firſt mead of the morn?

So lays the ſteel the corn ears low,
So ſtrews the guſt when tempeſts blow
  The foliage of the greenwood tree.
O, who can tyrants' wrath assuage,
When dark suspicion bids it rage?
  What note can soothe it one degree?

Diſtracted Rachel, cease to cry,
Thy babes the death of martyrs die.
  They' re firſt fruits of that seed of joy,
Which from thy blood begins to spring,
Shall bloom in honor of heaven's ring,
  And which no tyrant ſhall deſtroy.

CHLOE

From the Dutch of Johannes Bellamy.

Oh we have a sister on earthly dominions!
Cried two of the holy Angelical train,
And flew up to heaven with fluttering pinions,
But quickly to earth they descended again;
Their brothers, with voices triumphantly lifted,
Behind them came flocking this wonder to view,
More fast than the gleam from the cloud that is rifted,
Down, down to a forest of beeches they flew.

And there beheld Chloe, all rapt in devotion,
Upon the ground kneeling, unable to speak;
A tear-drop, the offspring of pious emotion,
Was streaming like dew down her beautiful cheek.
Confounded, astonish'd, in ecstasy gazing,
Around her the spirits aerial stood,
Then sudden their voices tumultuously raising
Cried: Father, we 'll stay with her here in the wood!

Then frown'd the dread Father; his thunders appalling
To rattle began, and his whirlwinds to roar,
Then trembled the host, but they heeded his calling,
And Chloe up-snatching, to heaven they soar.
Oh we had a sister on earthly dominions!
They sang as through heaven triumphant they stray'd,
And bore with flush'd faces and fluttering pinions
To God's throne of brightness the yet praying maid.

ITALIAN

LINES

'REPENT, O repent!' said a Friar one day
To a reprobate wretch, as expiring he lay;

'As I came up the stairs, I was frightened to see
The devil who 's waiting to seize upon thee.'

'You saw him then truly?' 'Too truly, alas!'
'And under what shape?' 'Under that of an ass.'

'Well, well!' cried the sinner, 'I am not afraid,
You 've only been terrified by your own shade.'

FRENCH

THE EVE OF HASTINGS

The night before the dreadful day,
The night before, as I 've heard say,
The Englishmen were nothing sad,
Laughing all as were they mad,
Drinking till their cheeks were red,
None that night lay down on bed.
I would you had seen the throng,
How they stamped and danced and sung;
'Bublie,' they cried and 'Wassail,'
'Pass the can' and 'Drink hale,'
'Drink abuck,' 'Drink about,'
'Drink success' and 'Drink out.'
Merry were the Englishmen,
But not so the Norman men.
All the night they prayers said,
Beat their breasts and tears shed,
Told the priests with grievous moan
Of the crimes that they had done.
He who could not find a priest
To his comrade him confessed.

And as the ensuing fray
Should be fought on Saturday,
The Normans of their own accord
Vowed a vow to God their Lord,

If they should survive the fray,
Would ne'er eat flesh upon that day.
Constantia's Bishop Geofferie
Bent with the penitents his knee,
Confessed full many a warrior brave
And many a benediction gave,
Also Oddo of Baieu,
Who on the morn showed prowess true,
Bishop high of Baessine,
Son of noble Herluine,
Brother uterine was he
Of the Duke of Normandie,
To whose aid he brought a train,
Levied from Oddo's own domain.
Happed upon the fourteenth day
Of October month the fray.

THE EYES OF SOPHY RIBEAUPIERRE

To kiss a pair of red lips small
  Full many a lover sighs;
If I kiss anything at all,
  Let it be Sophy's eyes.
The eyes, the eyes, whose witcheries
  Have filled my heart with care;
Too dear I prize the eyes
  Of Sophy Ribeaupierre.

Were I the Czar, my kingly crown,
  My troops and victories,
And fair renown I 'd all lay down
  To kiss but Sophy's eyes.
The charming eyes, whose witcheries
  Have filled my heart with care;
Too dear I prize the charming eyes
  Of Sophy Ribeaupierre.

Perhaps I 've seen a fairer face,
  Though hers may well surprise;
A form perhaps of lovelier grace,
  But oh! the eyes, the eyes!
The matchless eyes, whose witcheries
  Have filled my heart with care;
I well may prize the matchless eyes
  Of Sophy Ribeaupierre.

What with the polished diamond-stone
  Can vie beneath the skies?
Oh, it is vied and far outshone
  By Sophy's beaming eyes,

By Sophy's eyes, whose witcheries
Have filled my heart with care;
Well may I prize the beaming eyes
Of Sophy Ribeaupierre.

The sun of June burns furiously,
And brooks and meadows dries;
But, oh, with more intensity
Burn cruel Sophy's eyes!
The wicked eyes, whose witcheries
Have filled my heart with care;
Too dear I prize the wicked eyes
Of Sophy Ribeaupierre.

O, soon beneath their piercing ray,
Like some parched plant which dies,
Whither shall I, poor youth, away?
And all for Sophy's eyes.
But bless the eyes, whose witcheries
Have filled my heart with care;
Till death I 'll prize and bless the eyes
Of Sophy Ribeaupierre.

EPIGRAM ON FOOLS

This world by fools is occupied,
And whom the sight of a fool displeases,
Within his chamber himself should hide,
And break his looking-glass to pieces.

BASQUE

THE WELL-STEWED PIGEON

If in heaven's halls of state
Folks on pigeons ever dine,
They ne'er tasted one more fine
Than the one this day I ate;
O, its savoury smell was great,
Such as well might tempt, I trow,
One that 's dead to lift his brow:
O, I 'm sure the heavenly legions
Would rejoice to eat such pigeons,
Could they hunger ever know.

SPANISH

THE FRENCH PRINCESS

Towards France a maiden went,
Towards France her course she bent,
Unto Paris,—there to find
Her father and her mother kind.

Far from any known abode
She had wandered from the road,
And rested on a blasted fir,
Waiting for some passenger.

Towards her came a cavalier,
He to Paris, too, did steer;
When he met the maiden's eyes,
She address'd him in this guise:

'Wilt thou guide me, cavalier,
If to Paris thou dost steer?'
'Will I guide thee, maiden fair?
Yes, by all my hopes I swear.'

In the middle of the way,
He spoke to her of love and play;
The maid, when she his suit had heard,
Cool'd him with a single word:

'Hush thee, hush thee, gentle knight!
Tho' I look so fair and bright,
Diseas'd I am,—diseas'd I came
From a tainted sire and dame,

'The mortal who with me shall lie
Will waste away until he die!'
The cavalier grew pale to see,
But not a sentence answer'd he.

The maid, when Paris was in sight,
Smil'd until she laughed outright.
'What makes thee smile?' the warrior said;
'What makes thee laugh, my pretty maid?'

'I laugh at the weak cavalier;
I hold in scorn the dastard's fear,
Who led me thro' the desert plains
And yet got nothing for his pains.'

The warrior's face with shame was dy'd;
He stammer'd and at length replied:
'We must return the way we 've crost,
For a something I have lost.'

'No,' answer'd she, 'I 'll not turn back,
To cross with thee yon desert track;
And even tho' we did return
Yet would treat thy love with scorn.

'Daughter of France's royal line,
I boast my birth from Constantine:
The man that makes me shed a tear
I reckon it will cost him dear.'

BERNARD'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY

FRESHLY blew the morning breeze,
When with all his Leonese,
Bernard went in war-array
To impede the Frenchman's way,

Who had come o'er hill and dale,
Urg'd by false Alfonso's tale,
To procure for him the throne,—
Just as if it were his own.

Not with yonder dastard train
But with Bernard rests our strain;
Who, in accents deep and strong,
Thus address'd the assembled throng:

'Deck'd with buckler—bearing brand,—
Here like valiant men you stand,
For your country,—for your lives,—
For your king—and for your wives.

'If we fly, to-morrow's dawn
Sees our offspring led in scorn,
And with servile fetters bound,
By some haughty Gallic hound,

'Who will strip, with forward glee,
All the bearings from our tree;
And the lilies of his line
In their place will proudly shine.

'Shall the mountain, hill and wood,
Where our fathers' sires stood,
Now for lack of hearts and hands
Fall a prey to foreign bands?

'He who with his single lance
Fears to meet three sons of France,
Let him turn; with those that stay
Still I trust to win the day.

'I myself, this very hour,
Here engage to fight with four,
And to chase them o'er the plain
To their country back again.'

PEASANT SONGS OF SPAIN

I

When Jesu our Redeemer
To him the twelve did call,
By threes and fours he called them,
Till they were mustered all.

And when they all were mustered,
'Twas thus to them he spake;
'O which of ye my children,
Will perish for my sake?'

Then, gazing on each other,
They stood abashed and still;
All save Saint John the Baptist,
And Peter of the Hill.

'We 'll die for thee, O Jesus,
Upon to-morrow's morn.'
For him died John the Baptist,
And suffered pain and scorn.

II

There stands a stone, a rounded stone,
'Midst ocean's surges hoary,
On which sweet Jesus set His foot
When mounting to His glory.

There grows a rose, a blooming rose,
'Midst ocean's briny waters,
That o'er may pass, to hear the mass,
Havannah's dusky daughters.

THE SINGING MARINER

Who will ever have again,
On the land or on the main,
Such a chance as happen'd to
Count Arnaldos long ago?

With his falcon in his hand,
Forth he went along the strand;
There he saw a galley gay
Briskly bearing for the bay.

Ask me not her name and trade,—
All the sails of silk were made;
He who steer'd the ship along
Raised his voice, and sang a song.

Sang a song whose magic force
Calm'd the breaker in its course;
While the fishes, sore amazed,
Left their holes and upwards gazed.

And the fowl came flocking fast,
Round the summit of the mast;
Still he sang to wind and wave:
'God preserve my vessel brave!

'Guard her from the rocks that grow
'Mid the sullen deep below;
From the gust, and from the breeze,
Sweeping through Gibtarek's seas.

'From the gulf of Venice too,
With its shoals and waters blue;
Where the mermaid chants her hymn,
Borne upon the billow's brim.'

Forward ſtept Arnaldos bold,
Thus he ſpake, as I am told:
'Teach me, ſailor, I entreat,
Yonder ſong that ſounds ſo ſweet.'

But the ſailor ſhook his head,
Shook it thrice, and briefly ſaid:
'Never will I teach the ſtrain
But to him who ploughs the main.'

THE FORSAKEN

Up I rose, O mother, early
On the blest Saint Juan's morn;
By the sea I saw a damsel,
Saw a damsel all forlorn.

Lonely there she wash'd her garments
And upon a rose-tree hung;
Whilst the garments there were drying
She a plaintiff ditty sung.

'O my love, my fickle lover—
Where to find him shall I stray?'
Up and down the strand she hurried
Singing, singing this sad lay.

In her hand a comb she carried,
All of gold, to comb her hair;
'Tell me, tell me, gentle sailor—
Heaven take thee 'neath its care—
Hast thou seen my fickle lover,
Hast thou seen him anywhere?'

GERMAN

CHRIMEHILT

How full of strange adventures are the tales of olden days
Of deeds of noble heroes, of feuds and bloody frays,
Of courtly feasts and festivals, of wail and weeping too;
It is a tale of olden days I'm bent on telling you.

Within the land of Burgundy a lovely maid upgrew,
In all the land of Burgundy was none so fair to view;
Chrimehilt was that damsel called, that was of charms so rife;
Full many a hero for her sake was doomed to lose his life.

To love the beauteous maiden appear'd so very right
That all the heroes lov'd her and no one dar'd to slight,
If beautiful her body looked, as beauteous shone her mind,
The virtues which adorned her did credit to her kind.

Three kings did wait upon her, three kings of high estate,
Sir Gunthere and Sir Gernot, renowned for actions great,
And Giselhere who, though young, was yet a knight of prowess rare,
That lady was their sister, of her they had the care.

These heroes, as I 've told ye, were men of high degree,
Their strength it was exceeding great, but they were kind and free;
The country was call'd Burgundy, which own'd their sovereign hand,
Wonders they did in after days in mighty Etzel's land.

At Worms by Rhine's fair river they dwelt in pomp and state,
Proud knights an honour deem'd it duteously on them to wait,
Knights who fought for them undaunted till the very end of life,
O, how piteously they perish'd through two noble ladies' strife.

A mighty Queen their mother was, Dame Ude was her name,
The country which they govern'd from their sire Dancrat came
By virtue of inheritance; a right good knight, I trow,
Who often in his days of youth had laid his foemen low.

As I 've already said, these kings were men of power,
They had around them gathered of chivalry the flower;
I do not think in all the world that such a troop was spied,
Men who had seen a hundred fights, and ne'er been terrified.

There was Hagen of Truneje, and his brother Dancwart too,
Who though his feet were nimble from foeman never flew;
There was Ortewin of Metz, Markgraves Ger and Eckewart,
Volker of Alsatia, surnam'd 'Courageous Heart.'

There was Kitchenmaster Runolt, a better man was never,
There was Sindolt, there was Hunolt; I 've heard that very clever
At managing court matters were these three knights of fame—
They 'd scores of nobles 'neath them, farm ore than I can name.

Sir Dancwart he was Marshal, yes, the Marshal's staff he bore;
Sir Ortewin of lovely Metz he was Prime Counsellor;
Sinolt he was Botteler, there ne'er was better thane—
How honourable were their employs! Hunolt was Chamberlain.

Now of the splendour of the Court and its wise policy
The valour of its nobles, their generosity,
Their noble bearing unto all, both unto foe and friend,
Ere I could give a full account my life would be at end.

The lovely Chrimehilt dreamed, in her chaste bed as she lay,
That she a gallant falcon rear'd up for many a day;
During two years of happiness delighted it her eye
But afterwards a tragic death was her falcon doomed to die.

She begged her mother Ude she would her dream explain,
None of the dames could read it, the good dames of her train;
'The falcon, child, thou rearedst, is a husband good and brave,
Whom soon thou 'lt be depriv'd of, save him th' Almighty save.'

'Why talk to me of husbands, why talk of men to me?
Dear mother! well without one I 've been and hope to be;
In such unspotted purity I 'll strive to live that I
Shall have no need of any man until the day I die.'

'O do not speak, my dearest child, with so assur'd a mind,
If ever in this world you 're doom'd true happiness to find,
It will proceed from husband's love; thou 'lt know the true delight,
If God should destine but for thee a truly noble knight.'

'O let us break off such discourse,' the youthful lady said,
'Full many a woman often learns, for so in books I 've read,
True love at last may meet reward in bitter, bitter woe,
Both love and grief I will avoid, then wrong I cannot go.'

In the high innocence which she becomingly display'd,
Through many a happy day did live the lovely, lovely maid,
And no one could conceive on whom her love was doom'd to light;
At length it pleas'd the Lord above to send a fitting knight.

It was the selfsame lordly hawk she in the dream did spy
Her mother read for her. Woe 's me! how terribly
She did avenge her falcon's death her nearest kin upon!
The gory death of that good hawk rued many a mother's son.

THE ERL-KING

WHO is it that gallops so late on the wild!
O, it is the father that carries his child!
He presses him close in his circling arm
To save him from cold, and to shield him from harm.

'Dear baby, what makes ye your countenance hide?'
'Spur, father, your courser and rowel his side;
The Erl-king is chasing us over the heath.'
'Peace, baby, thou seest a vapoury wreath.'

'Dear boy, come with me, and I 'll join in your sport
And show ye the place where the fairies resort:
My mother who dwells in the cool pleasant mine
Shall clothe thee in garments so fair and so fine.'

'My father, my father, in mercy attend
And hear what is said by the whispering fiend.'
'Be quiet, be quiet, my dearly-lov'd child,
'Tis nought but the wind as it stirs on the wild.'

'Dear baby, if thou wilt but venture with me,
My daughter shall dandle thy form on her knee;
My daughter who dwells where the moon-shadows play
Shall lull you to sleep with the song of the fay.'

'My father, my father, and seest thou not
The sorceress daughter in yonder dark spot?'
'I see something truly, thou dear little fool—
I see the grey alders that hang by the pool.'

'Sweet baby, I doat on that beautiful form
And thou shalt ride with me the wings of the storm.'
'O father, my father, he grapples me now,
And already has done me a mischief, I vow.'

The father was terrified, onward he press'd,
And closer he cradled the child to his breast;
And reach'd the far cottage, and, wild with alarm,
He found that the baby hung dead on his arm.

THRESHING SONG

Ye Youths and ye Maidens, hark, Chanticleer cries,
Wake up,
And Morning so gloriously tingeth the skies,
Wake up.
The Neighbours are threshing all round about here,
Clap, clip, clap, salutes from each quarter the ear,
No true mettled youth and no maiden
Will doze any longer their bed in.
Clap, clip, clop,
Clop, clip, clap.

Ye Youths and ye Maidens, hark, Chanticleer cries,
Wake up,
And Morning so gloriously tingeth the skies,
Wake up.
God prospers our labour extremely this year,
The sheaves are long, heavy 's the blessing they bear,
The beans, and what 's better the barley,
O, I trow it will bushel up rarely.
Clap, clip, clop,
Clop, clip, clap.

Ye Youths and ye Maidens, hark, Chanticleer cries,
Wake up,
And Morning so gloriously tingeth the skies,
Wake up.
The Grandmother brushes the oven clean out,
Fresh blows the wind, whirling the mill sails about,
When we 've thresh'd we 'll to grinding betake us,
That she new bread to-morrow may bake us.
Clap, clip, clop,
Clop, clip, clap.

HUNGARIAN

THE FALL OF ZOLNOK

Bernald, who the rural affairs was plac'd o'er,
Aldanai Bernald, a warrior of power,
On hearing of Temesvar's downfall so sore,
Has Lippa abandon'd and Solymos tower.

Great Akmet the Pasha could scarce understand
How places like these could fall into his hand,
With vivers provided and cannons so grand,
And plenty of florins from King Ferdinand.

Then Ali of Buda and great Akmet are
Encourag'd and say: 'We will push on our war
To Zolnok and Eger, less trouble by far
They 'll cost us to take them than did Temesvar.'

So Akmet the Pasha to Zolnok has ta'en
His way, him with troops twenty thousand amain
Ali Pasha precedes, and with cannon a train
The city was batter'd a week but in vain.

Bold Lorentz Nyari was Governor there,
With seven hundred soldiers all proper men fair,
But alas! they of different languages were,
So that all was dissension and trouble and care.

Of cannons and mortars there were twenty-four
In Zolnok, of sakers a thousand and more,
Fifteen hundred muskets from Biscay brought o'er,
Nine hundred pood weight of good powder in store;

There were firearms in plenty, much iron and tin
And gold, which had late in the royal chest been,
But, alack! all was captur'd the city within.
Yet how could a foeman hope Zolnok to win?

O mighty was Zolnok and beauteous, I trow,
On one side the Tisza its current did show,
On the other Zagiva did murmuring flow,
Uniting together the city below.

On the side of the North was a trench deep and wide,
Three bastions stood up at three corners in pride;
Huge ramparts the place of high walls well supplied,
The house-tops behind them could scarce be descried.

Now Akmet the Pasha, so stern and so dread,
Before Zolnok town his appearance has made;
Upon the green plain he his army has stay'd,
His camp he has pitch'd and his banner display'd.

What tumult and noise from that campment arise:
Bells rang, cymbals clang, amid thousand wild cries;
Fifes squeak, the drums speak, trumpets shriek to the skies;
Of the great host the ends can't be scann'd by the eyes.

The sight and the sounds to the townsmen recall
Losontzi's destruction and Temesvar's fall;

There 's whispering and murmuring amongst great and
small;
The power of the Sultan their minds doth appal.

At length they resolve from the city to fly,
They thought if they stay'd, by the Turks they should
die;
On the fourth of September when midnight was nigh,
They depart, without bidding their leader good-bye.

Full quickly Nyari Laurentius knew
That Zolnok was left by his soldiers untrue;
All alone he remain'd; what alone can he do?
They clos'd not the gate, when from Zolnok they flew.

Long doubtful he stood in unspeakable woe;
Should he follow the fugitive traitors? ah, no!
Far better be slain by the hands of the foe,
Than to live a disgrace and become a vile show.

Around he speeds to the city's wide gate,
Determin'd on death, for his courage was great;
'Twas dawn and the drum of [the] Turks loudly beat,
They knew not that Zolnok was left to its fate.

But as they came onward in order of fight,
A huge burst of smoke from the town met their sight.
They guess'd that its soldiers had left it outright,
And they push'd for the entrance as fast as they might.

In the gate of the city bold Lorentz did stand,
Alone he withstood them with terrible brand,
Many Turks he dispatch'd ere they master'd his hand—
O, woe to his dastardly runaway band!

How glad were the Pashas I scarcely need tell,
In the hands of the Sultan when fair Zolnok fell;
To the clouds in their joy 'Allah, Allah,' they yell,
In the town they found store of all things they lik'd well.

In Colosvar city these lines compos'd I,
Sebastian Tinodi in great misery,
Blowing on my nails in a cold chamber high,
For want of a penny some fuel to buy.

POLAND and RUSSIA

THE FISH

From the palace that 's under the trees
See the maiden distracted race,
Her hair flutters wild on the breeze,
And streaming with tears is her face.

The end of the forest she gains,
Where the rivulet falls in the lake,
She wrings her white hands and complains,
With a heart that is ready to break.

'O down in thy watery bower,
Fair Switezanka, the maid,
List, list, in this terrible hour
To the voice of a damsel betray'd.

'I lov'd my lord dearer than life,
And ever to love me he swore,
But he taketh a princess for wife
And Krysia drives from his door.

'Let him joy in his youthful career
And toy with his beautiful dame,
But ah! let him never come here,
To sport with my anguish and shame.

'What hope in the world can there be
For the minion discarded wild,
Fair Switezanka, to thee
I haste—but my child—ah! my child.'

O then she did bitterly weep,
And her hands placing over her eyes
She plung'd her at once in the deep,
Which drown'd in a moment her sighs.

From the woods where the palace doth stand
A thousand lamps brilliantly glance,
There meets a convivial band
With music, with shouts and with dance.

But amidst the loud glee of the rout
Shouts the cry of a child on the ears;
From the wood a grey servant comes in,
In his arm a fair infant he bears.

To the water directs he his way,
Where the willows entwining so close
The sides of the river array,
In its serpent-like course as it flows.

There he stands in the dark shady nook
And exclaims with a face of despair:
'Ah! who to the babe will give suck?
Where art thou, O Krysia, where?'

'I am here in the depths of the flood,'
A voice sweet and gentle replied;
'Where the cold is congealing my blood,
And greedy worms gnaw out my eyes.

'Midst pointed stones, wormlets and eels
The wild billows carry me on,
Flies and corals must serve for my meals,
My drink is the cool dew alone.'

But still as he stands in the nook
The grey servant exclaims in despair:
'Ah! who to the babe will give suck,
Where art thou, O Krysia, where?'

But what is that rushing so bright
Through the transparent womb of the deep,
The water is troubled and bright,
A fish is seen upward to leap.

Like a flint which I 've seen a boy fling,
A boy that was nimble of wrist,
Our fish with a bound, with a spring,
The wet surface gracefully kiss'd.

The body with gold bedropt all
Showeth fins of the ruddiest dye,
The head as a thimble is small,
As a grain is each glittering eye.

But she puts off the scaly fish coat,
Again is a fair demoiselle,
From her dear head the light tresses flow,
How her bosom and dainty neck swell!

On her cheeks beauty's roses you see,
Her breasts milk-white apples they seem,
'Neath the middle a mere fish is she,
'Neath the branches she swims in the stream.

Her hands the poor baby receive,
  Which she hastes 'neath her bosom to place:
'Lullaby, little dear, do not grieve,
  Lullaby, O thou dear little face.'

When silent the baby became,
  She hangs on a bough stretching o'er
The basket, makes tiny her frame
  And her fair head compresses once more.

Again she has dight her in scales,
  And feelers appear at each side,
She dives, and a few water bells
  Only rise on the face of the tide.

Thus ever at eve and at morn,
  When the grey servant stands in the nook,
Does Switezanka return
  To her babe, to her babe to give suck.

But one sweet sunny evening, O why
  Comes he not, as he 's wont, on the green?
The usual time 's come and gone by,
  Yet he with the child is not seen.

To the spot he can't come and must wait,
  Impatient and little content,
The Lord and the Lady his mate
  To walk by their river side went.

He has turn'd and his seat he has ta'en
  Behind yonder thick bushes rank;
But he waiteth and waiteth in vain,
  For they never return from the bank.

He gets up, puts his hand to his brow,
Through his fingers directs he his sight,
But gone is the day with its glow,
Come on in grey mantle the night.

Till long after sunset he stays,
But when shone the small stars in the sky,
He mov'd to the water apace
And began as was usual to cry.

O God, what new prospect is here,
Sure hell has its power employ'd!
Where once flow'd the rivulet clear
Are dry sand and a horrible void.

On the shore in confusion most great
Rich garments are scatter'd around;
Of the Lord and the Lady his mate
Can no other traces be found.

It is true from the channel a rock
Stretches up tow'rds heaven's deep blue;
Surprisingly human that look
Presenting two forms to the view!

Astonish'd that servant stood fast,
Despair has seiz'd wholly his mind,
An hour and another is past
Ere the use of his speech he could find.

'Krysia, O Krysia,' he cried,
And Echo gave 'Krysia' back,
But nothing but echo replied,
Nothing rose from the chasm so black.

He looks at the gulf and the rock,
  Cold sweat from his pallid face sprung,
His hoary head three times he shook,
  Would speak, but he holdeth his tongue.

He takes the dear child out with care,
  A smile of strange meaning he gives,
And murmuring devoutly a prayer,
  Returns to the cot where he lives.

THE FATHER'S RETURN

'Go, O children, go for the last time
To the place under the pillar on the mountain,
There before the miraculous image kneeling
Repeat piously the paternoster.

'The father does not return; morning and evening
In tears I have awaited and trouble.
The rivers are swollen, full of wild beasts the forests,
And the roads are full of robbers.'

The little children hear and run for the last time
To the place under the pillar on the mountain,
There they kneel before the miraculous image
And begin telling their rosaries.

They kiss the ground, after that, 'In the name of the Father,
Son and the Holy Ghost
Be glorified, and Holy Trinity
Now and at all times.'

After that—Our Father, the Ave and the Belief,
The Commandments and the Rose Crown,
And when they have entirely completed their beads
They take books out of their pockets.

And the Litany to the most Holy Mother
The elder brother sings, and with the brother
'O Holy Mother,' add the children,
'Have mercy, have mercy, upon my father.'

But they hear the cracking of a whip, a wagon comes
along the road,
And they know the wagon by its front;
The children spring up and cry as loud as they can,
'Our father, O our father comes!'

The merchant looks, tears of joy he sheds,
He springs out of the wagon upon the ground:
'Ha! what is the trouble, what has happened to you?
Were you longing for your father?

'Is your mother well? your aunt? the servants?
But there you have currants in the basket!'
This he says to himself, and this he says to himself,
Full of pleasure and with much cry.

'Get on,' the merchant cries to his servant,
'I shall walk with the children to the town.'
Quick, but lo, robbers gather around,
And the robbers are twelve in number.

Their beards are long, twisted thier moustaches,
Their countenances wild, their garments dirty;
Knives at their girdles, the swords at their sides gleam,
In their hands enormous clubs.

The children shriek, and fly to their father,
And lean under his mantle against his loins;
The servant trembles, the master becomes pale with
fear,
Trembling he lifts up to the robbers his palms.

'O take the wagon, take the property,
Only leave us alive,
Do not make the little children orphans,
The young wife a widow.'

The band listens not, this already unharnesses the wagon,
Takes away the horses, but another
Cries 'Money,' and brandishes his club,
He with a sword falls upon the servant.

But 'Stop, stop!' cries the oldest robber,
And drives the band out of the road,
And delivering the children and the father,
'Go,' he said, 'away without fear.'

The merchant thanks him, but the robber replies,
'Don't thank me; I avow to thee frankly
I would have been the first to knock you on the head
with my club
But for the rosary of the child.

'The children brought about that you have all escaped,
And that you are granted life and are uninjured;
Thank them for that which has been,
And how it has been I will tell you.

'For a long time we have heard of the coming of the
merchant,
I and my comrades were in this place;
Near the top of the hill by the pillar
We placed ourselves on the watch.

'To-day, being here, and looking from under the
bushes
The children prayed to God.

I heard, at first empty laughter seized me,
And then compassion and fear.

'I heard—the religion of my fathers came to my mind,
The club fell from my hand.
O, I have a wife, and with my wife
There are children young.

'Merchant, repair to the town, I must go to the wood,
And children, on this hill
Come occasionally, and for my soul
Pray a paternoster.'

THE THREE SONS OF BUDRYS

A LITHUANIAN BALLAD

From the Polish of Mickiewicz.

With his three mighty sons, tall as Ledwin's were once,
To the court-yard old Budrys advances;
'Your best steeds forth lead ye, to saddle them speed ye,
And sharpen your swords and your lances.

'For in Wilna I 've vow'd, that three trumpeters loud
I 'd despatch unto lands of like number,
To make Russ Olgierd vapour, and Pole Skirgiel caper,
And to rouse German Kiestut from slumber.

'Hie away safe and sound, serve your dear native ground;
May the High Gods Litewskian defend ye!
Though at home I must tarry, my counsel forth carry:
Ye are three, and three ways ye must wend ye.

'Unto Olgierd's Russ plain one of ye must amain,
To where Ilmen and Novgorod tower;
There are sables for plunder, veils work'd to a wonder,
And of coin have the merchants a power.

'Let another essay to Prince Kiestut his way,
To those crosletted doys* bitter gruel!
There is amber like gravel, cloth worthy to travel,
And priests deck'd in diamond and jewel.

*The knights of the German Order, who eventually christianized the pagan Lithuanians at the point of the lance and sword.

'Unto Pole Skirgiel's part let the third hero start,
There the dwellings but poorly are furnish'd;
So choose ye there rather, and bring to your father,
Keen sabres and bucklers high-burnish'd.

'But bring home, above all, Laskian* girls to our hall,
More sprightly than fawns in fine weather;
The hues of the morning their cheeks are adorning,
Their eyes are like stars of the ether.

'Half a century ago, when my young blood did glow,
A wife from their region I bore me;
Death tore us asunder, yet ne'er I look yonder,
But memory straight brings her before me.'

Now advis'd them he hath, so he blesseth their path,
And away they high-spirited rattle;
Grim winter comes chiding—of them there 's no tiding;
Says Budrys: they 've fallen in battle.

With an avalanche's might to the gate spurs a knight,
And beneath his wide mantle he 's laden:
'Hast there Russian money—the roubles so bonny?'
'No, no! I 've a Laskian maiden.'

Like an avalanche in might riding comes an arm'd knight,
And beneath his wide mantle he 's laden:
'From the German, brave fellow, bring'st amber so yellow?'
'No, no! here 's a Laskian maiden.'

Like an avalanche of snow the third up rideth now,
Nor has he, as it seemeth, been idle;
As the booty he showeth, old Budrys hallooeth
To bid guests for the brave triple bridal.

* Polish.

SYDOR KARPOWITCH

'My Lord and Master Sydor Karpowitch,
How many years to live art thou destin'd?'
'Seventy years, O motherkin, seventy years,
Seventy years, Pakomovna, seventy years.'

'My Lord and Master Sydor Karpowitch,
I fain would know the day thou wilt die on.'
'A Wednesday, O motherkin, a Wednesday,
A Wednesday, Pakomovna, a Wednesday.'

'My Lord and Master Sydor Karpowitch,
I fain would know the day of thy burial.'
'A Friday, O motherkin, a Friday,
A Friday, Pakomovna, a Friday.'

'My Lord and Master Sydor Karpowitch,
What day shall we hold thy funeral dinner?'
'A Saturday, O motherkin, a Saturday,
A Saturday, Pakomovna, a Saturday.'

'My Lord and Master Sydor Karpowitch,
Of what shall consist the funeral dinner?'
'Of pancakes, O motherkin, of pancakes,
Of pancakes, Pakomovna, of pancakes.'

'My Lord and Master Sydor Karpowitch,
Thy mournful knell on what shall we ring it?'
'The frying pan, O motherkin, the frying pan,
The frying pan, Pakomovna, the frying pan.'

'My Lord and Master Sydor Karpowitch,
Behind thee wilt thou leave many children?'
'Seven children, O motherkin, seven children.
Seven children, Pakomovna, seven children.'

'My Lord and Master Sydor Karpowitch,
Wilt thou leave aught wherewith I may feed them?'
'The wide world, O motherkin, the wide world,
The wide world, Pakomovna, the wide world.'

'My Lord and Master Sydor Karpowitch,
How now should they roam the world in winter?'
'In shoes of bark, O motherkin, in shoes of bark,
In shoes of bark, Pakomovna, in shoes of bark.'

'My Lord and Master Sydor Karpowitch,
From teeth of dogs how shall they guard them?'
'With cudgels, O motherkin, with cudgels,
With cudgels, Pakomovna, with cudgels.'

'My Lord and Master Sydor Karpowitch,
In what shall they stow away their booty?'
'In knapsacks, O motherkin, in knapsacks,
In knapsacks, Pakomovna, in knapsacks.'

THE BLACK SHAWL

From the Russian of Pushkin.

On the shawl, the black shawl with distraction I gaze,
And on my poor spirit keen agony preys.

When easy of faith, young and ardent was I,
I lov'd a fair Grecian with love the most high.

The damsel deceitful she flatter'd my flame,
But soon a dark cloud o'er my sunshine there came.

One day I 'd invited of guests a gay crew,
Then to me there came creeping an infamous Jew.

'With thy friends thou art feasting,' he croaked in my ear—
'Whilst to thee proves unfaithful Greshenka thy dear.'

I gave to him gold and a curse, for his meed,
And I summon'd a thrall, ever faithful in need.

Forth rushing I leap'd my tall courser upon,
And soft pity I bade from my bosom begone.

But scarcely the door of Greshenka I view'd
But my eyes became dark, and a swoon near ensu'd.

Alone to a far remote chamber I pac'd,
And there an Armenian my damsel embrac'd.

My sight it forsook me—forth flash'd my sword straight,
But I to prevent the knave's kiss was too late.

The vile, headless trunk I spurn'd fierce with my foot,
And I gaz'd on the pallid maid darkly and mute.

I remember her praying—her blood streaming wide—
There perish'd Greshenka, my sweet love there died.

The shawl, the black shawl from her shoulders I tore,
And in silence I wip'd from my sabre the gore.

My thrall, when the evening mists fell with their dew,
In the waves of the Dunau her fair body threw.

From that hour I have seen not her eyes' beamy lights,
From that hour I have known no delectable nights.

On the shawl, the black shawl with distraction I gaze,
And on my poor spirit keen agony preys.

THE COSSACH

AN ANCIENT BALLAD

From the Malo-Russian.

O'ER the field the snow is flying,
There a wounded Cossack 's lying;
On a bush his head he 's leaning,
And his eyes with grass is screening,
Meadow-grass so greenly shiny,
And with cloth the make of China;
Croaks the raven hoarsely o'er him,
Neighs his courser sad before him:
'Either, master, give me pay,
Or dismiss me on my way.'
'Break thy bridle, O my courser,
Down the path amain be speeding,
Through the verdant forest leading;
Drink of two lakes on thy way,
Eat of mowings two the hay;
Rush the castle-portal under,
With thy hoof against it thunder,
Out shall come a Dame that moaneth,
Whom thy lord for mother owneth;
I will tell thee, my brave prancer,
When she speaks thee what to answer.'

'O thou steed, than lightning faster,
Tell me where 's thy youthful master!
Him in fight thou hast forsaken,
Or hast cast him down, I reckon.'

'Nor in fight I 've him forsaken,
Nor have cast him down, I reckon,
The lone field with blood bedewing,
There the damsel Death he 's wooing.'

HEBREW

THE RIGHTEOUS MAN

The man that 's righteous
By tyrants threaten'd
Rebelleth never,
Though full of woe;
His righteousness
His safeguard is,
But their wickedness layeth
The wicked low.

ARABIC

THE MAGICIAN

Al-Sim was the name they gave
To the beast when it first saw day;
The fell hyena was his sire,
His dam the she-wolf gray.

The wizard muttered a secret spell,
And he beckoned with his wand,
And at his summons Al-Sim came
Louping across the sand.

'Cross the desert sand of Palestine
From the graves of the dead he came,
From doing that which is his wont
On the life-deserted frame.

Around the circle thrice he ran
To the clouds he yell'd so high,
But at the shake of the wizard's wand
He cower'd and ceas'd his cry.

'Thee from the grave-feast I have call'd,
Yet must thou not complain,
For a costlier feast and savourier far
I 'm about for thee to gain.'

To a young man he 's changed
  Of fair and regal mien,
And has form'd for him a white turban
  All out of palm-leaves green.

And the pebble-stones on the sand that lay
  Have the guise of diamonds ta'en,
And they bedeck that fair turban
  As a glorious, glorious chain.

And the scimitar in its sheath of gold,
  That before Al-Sim hung,
Was formed from out a blasted bough,
  That above the wizard swung.

Then he whisper'd in Al-Sim's ear
  And his purpose let him know,
And a flush of wild joy thereupon
  Mantled the brute-man's brow.

A rout of wolves pursuing deer
  Was sweeping the wilds along,
And the wolves have chang'd to horsemen tall,
  And the deer to coursers strong.

And Al-Sim at that wild troop's head
  On a camel-leopard rode,
And they 're away by the break of day
  To the King's daughter's abode.

'The King that dwells on Lebanon
  He is my deadly foe,
And he has got a fair daughter,
  And to win her thou shalt go.'

THE WARRIOR

Thou lov'st to look on myrtles green,
And the narcissus bright of hue;
I love the blaze of sabres keen,
I love the dagger's flash to view.

Thou, thou may'st drink the rosy wine
From golden goblets sculptured o'er;
From foemen's skulls the joy be mine
To drink my foemen's reeking gore.

PERSIAN

RICH AND POOR

WHERE income there 's not, the expense should be small—
A sailor thus sang from the mast head on high—
Should no showers of rain in the Kohistan fall,
The Tigris's bed in a year would be dry.

In his low and light tent the poor Gypsy doth sit,
The King in his palace so massive and tall,
But soon for the same quiet mansion must quit
The Gypsy his tent and the Monarch his hall.

Great Caroun is dead and forgotten; the man
Who left forty castles replete with gold store,
But living, though dead, is the great Nourshivan,
In the good name he left he has death triumph'd o'er.

HAFIZ'S DRINKING SONG

O Thou whose equal mind knows no vexation,
Who holding love in deep abomination,
On love's divan to loiter wilt not deign,
Thy wit doth merit every commendation.
Love's visions never will disturb the brain
Of him who drinks the noble wine's oblation;
And know, thou passion-smit, pale-visag'd swain,
There 's medicine to work thy restoration—
In mind, O Hafiz, the receipt retain—
'Tis quaffing winecups to intoxication.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY

THE handsome of face in each spot is ador'd,
Though his father and mother be slain by the sword.
A peacock I saw on the blest Koran book,
Said I, 'Out of place on that volume you look.'
'Hold your tongue,' said the bird, 'none will lift up a hand
'Gainst one that is lovely, where'er he may stand.'
To the child with a countenance bright as the sun
What matters if father and mother are gone?
He 's a jewel that never neglected will lie,
For a bright precious pearl every mortal will buy.

TURKISH

THE RENEGADE

Now pay ye the heed that is fitting,
  Whilſt I sing ye the Iran adventure;
The pasha on sofa was sitting,
  'Midſt his harem's glorious centre.

Greek sang, and Tcherkass, for his pleasure,
  And Kergoosian captive is dancing;
In the eyes of the firſt heaven's azure,
  In the others black Eblis is glancing.

But the pasha's attention is failing,
  O'er his visage his fair turban ſtealeth;
From chebouk he sleep is inhaling,
  Whilſt around him sweet vapours he dealeth.

What rumour without is there breeding?
  Ye fair ranks asunder why wend ye?
Kyslar Aga, a ſtrange captive leading,
  Cometh forward, and crieth 'Efendy.'

'Whose face has the power when present
  'Mong the ſtars round the divan which muſter?
Who amidſt the gems of night's crescent
  Has the blaze of Aldeboran's luſtre?

'Glance nearer, bright star! I have tiding,
Glad tiding. Behold now in duty
From far Lehistan the wind gliding
Has brought this fresh tribute of beauty.

'In the padishaw's garden there bloometh
In proud Istambul no such blossom;
From the wintry regions she cometh,
Whose memory so lives in thy bosom.'

Then the gauzes removes he which shade her,
At her beauty all wonder intensely;
One moment the pasha surveyed her,
Then, dropping his chebouk, without sense lay.

His turban has fallen from his forehead,
To assist him the bystanders started;
His mouth foams, his face blackens horrid,—
See, the Renegade's soul has departed!

ANCIENT GREECE AND ROME

THE RISING OF ACHILLES

From the Iliad.

Straightway Achilles arose, the belov'd of Jove, round his shoulders
Brawny her Ægis spread, fair fring'd, his guardian Athena,
And his head with a cloud of golden hue and transparent
She has encircled about, whence darted fire resplendent.
As when fire from the town ascending clambers the ether.
Out of the island afar, around which enemies gather—
Fierce the defenders all day engage in desperate warfare,
Forth from the town advanc'd; but soon as the sun has descended
Flame with beacons the dense, huge turrets; upwards the blazes
Flaring, struggling ascend to be seen by friends and by neighbours,
If with assistance in war o'er the sea in ships they are coming—
So from Achilles's head uptower'd the blazes to heaven;
Striding from out the wall, he stood o'er the trench, but he mingled
Not with the Greeks, for he heeded his mother's solemn injunction;
Standing, he shouted there, conjointly Pallas Athena

Scream'd, and trouble immense was caus'd thereby to the Trojans ;
Like to the clamorous sound that 's heard, when pealing the trumpet
Thrills through the city, besieg'd by bands of turbulent foemen,
E'en was the clamorous sound sent forth by Eacus' grandson—
Soon as the dreadful voice was heard of Eacus' grandson,
All their minds were amaz'd—the fair-man'd beautiful horses
Back'd with the chariots amain, such fear was awak'd in their bosoms ;
Ghasted the charioteers survey'd the untameable blazes
Horribly round the brow of high, heroic Peleides
Burning, ignited by her, the blue-eyed Goddess Athena.
Thrice then o'er the deep trench loud shouted god-like Achilles,
Thrice were the Trojans confus'd and all their illustrious aiders ;
Already round that trench had twice six champions fallen,
Spoil'd of their chariots and arms, so that gladly now the Achaians
Out of the tempest of darts the slain Patroclus dragging
Plac'd on the sorrowful couch ; his comrades round it arrang'd them
Loudly lamenting, and thither there came swift-footed Achilles
Shedding the hottest of tears, when he saw his comrade so faithful
Stretch'd on that sorrowful couch, transfixt with the sharp pointed iron—
Him he had lately despatch'd with chariot and steeds to the war-field
Never, alas, to receive from that red war-field returning.

ODE

The earth to drink does not disdain,
The trees to drink of the earth full fain.
Of the light air the sea drinks free,
The red sun drinketh from the sea,
And the red sun, at pride of noon,
I 've seen drunk up by the pale moon.
Then why, friend, with me prove in ire,
That I to drink, too, feel desire.

IN PRAISE OF ROME

Hail, Mars's daughter! hail, O Rome!
Bedeck'd with diamond crown,
Who sitt'st enthron'd, a splendid Queen,
On height Olympian, ne'er I ween
Thence to be tumbled down.

To thee alone old Fate from first
Did grant the glorious meed
Of sway, which nought should break or bow,
That fill'd with might and vigour Thou
Of all might'st take the lead.

Hail, hail! with chains of potency
The broad backs thou dost bind
Of earth and of the ocean tide.
Thou dost with ease and safety guide
The cities of mankind.

Time, mighty time, which all o'erthrows,
Which doth the pristine lot
Of all things change, as it may please,
O mighty Rome, the prosperous breeze
Of fortune alters not.

For thou alone of all, of all
Enceint by mighty, mighty men,
Dost great and mighty men forthbring,
Who armed with spears from thy womb spring,
Like bristling crops of grain.

MODERN GREECE

THE DEATH OF YOTI

I BETIMES got up, full two hours before day-break,
I for water call to wash me and that I may feel awake.
A storm 's raging in the forest, creak the oaks, the pines give way,
Loud the Klephts abuse their captain for the smallness of their pay.
'Why art up so early, Yoti? better whilst thou canst repose.'
'Soon the Pagans will attack us, they hemming us enclose.'
'Hold your tongue, you silly fellow, what hast got into thy head?'
'For my cursed wounds bring med'cine. O, remove the stinging lead!
Pull me up if you are able and support me whilst I sit,
Bring me wine, sweet wine of power, I 'd sit and drink a bit,
So that I may sing old ballads, ballads such as make one cry—
O that I were on the mountains 'mid thick shades on mountains high!
Where the little lambs are bounding and the fat sheep dozing lie!'

YANNES STATHA

A BLACK bark its course is steering by Casandra's lovely shore,
Black was every sail it carried, black the ensign which it bore,
Tow'rds it comes a Turkish corvette: 'Strike your sails or down ye go.'
'I 'll not strike a sail before ye, I 'll no craven spirit show.
Do not hope to daunt a bridegroom hastening to the bridal hall,
Yannes I, Statha by surname, son-in-law of Poukoval.
My boys, display your mettle, fiercely at the corvette drive,
Board at once, and then no quarter, leave no pagan dog alive.'
Broken with the dread encounter was the Turkman's lofty prow,
Yannes was the first to board him, sword in hand, and strike a blow.
Ran with Turkish blood the scuppers, till the sea around was dyed,
On the deck themselves down flinging, 'Allah! Allah!' the Turks cried.

THE DREAM OF DEMOS

Nor once nor five times even have I to Demos said:
'Go not so bravely dress'd about, nor with so high a head.
The Albanians all thy steps are dogging and are eager thee to slay,
To chastise thy proud behaviour and make thy gold their prey.'
The cuckoos speak it in the mountains, the partridges upon the plain,
A little, little bird doth speak it into the chieftain's startled brain;
But not in speech of birds 'tis spoken,
Not that which we from swallows hear,
But 'tis in speech of mortals spoken, in human language plain and clear.
'Why, Demos mine, art thou so pallid? Why cover'd o'er with cobwebs grey?'
'Since, pretty little bird, you ask me, to you the whole truth I will say.
I stepp'd aside behind the arras, now, little bird, the truth I tell
And as I slept behind the arras, for in a troubled sleep I fell,
I saw the heaven all beblooded, beblooded were the stars, I ween,
Beblooded too was my trusty sabre, my trusty sabre Damascene.'

GYPSY SONGS

THE ENGLISH GYPSY

He

As I to the town was going one day
My Roman lass I met by the way.
Said I, 'Young maid, will you share my lot?'
Said she, 'Another wife you 've got.'
'Ah, no!' to my Roman lass I cried,
'No wife have I in the world so wide;
And you my wedded wife shall be,
If you will consent to come with me.'

She

As I to the town was going one day
I met a young Roman upon the way.
Said he, 'Young maid, will you share my lot?'
Said I, 'Another wife you 've got.'
'No, no!' the handsome young Roman cried,
'No wife have I in the world so wide;
And you my wedded wife shall be,
If you will share my lot with me.'

HUNGARIAN GYPSY SONG

To the mountain the fowler has taken his way,
There he doth eat and make himself gay.
From the basket thou bearest thy shoulder upon;
Thou art the fowler's gay leman, I ween,
Who rovest with him in the mountain so green—
Bearing the basket thy shoulder upon.

OUR HEART IS HEAVY, BROTHER

The strength of the ox,
The wit of the fox,
  And the leveret's speed;
All, all to oppose
Their numerous foes
  The Romany need.

Our horses they take,
Our wagons they break,
  And us they seize
In their prisons to coop,
Where we pine and droop
  For want of breeze.

When the dead swallow
The fly shall follow
  Across the sea,
We 'll then forget
The wrongs we have met,
  And forgiving be——.
    Brother, of that be certain.

THE GYPSY'S WELCOME TO THE NEW YEAR

Welcome to our tent, New Year!
We hope you come our hearts to cheer:
Goodness and good luck, come in!
Fly out, fly out, bad luck and sin!

GYPSY SONG

Up, up, brothers,
  Cease your revels!
The Gentile 's coming—
  Run like devils.

I do not like your way of life
  Ye men of Christian creed;
I 'd rather live the kind of life
  Which forest foxes lead.

THE GYPSY'S HOMELAND

THE region of Tcha is our dear native soil,
Where in fulness of pleasure we liv'd without toil,
Till dispers'd through all lands 'twas our fortune to be,
Tchai greis appiya la panee Loucallee.

Once Kings came from afar to kneel down at our gate,
And princes rejoic'd on our meanest to wait;
But now who so mean but would scorn our degree?
Tchai greis appiya la panee Loucallee.

For the Ultebe saw from his throne in the cloud
That our deeds they were foolish, our hearts they were proud,
And in anger he bade us his presence to flee—
Tchai greis appiya la panee Loucallee.

Our steeds of no river should drink but of one,
It sparkles through Tcha 'neath the smile of the sun,
But they taste of all streams save that only and see—
Tchai greis appiya la panee Loucallee.

GYPSY SCENES

O WIFE, beseech the prison lord
That he this chain remove,
For I shall perish overpower'd
Save he more clement prove.

Each post that leaves the village gate
My message forth doth bear,
But still forgotten here I wait
And wither and despair.

Sir Cavalier, my mother dear,
Must come and visit you;
That mother dear, Sir Cavalier,
The face of God may view.

I 'll climb the wall which towereth there
And to the winds I 'll cry;
They 've built for me a tomb so fair
Of steel and ivory.

My mother has of griefs a store,
And I have got my own,
Full keen and sore I here deplore,
But ne'er for mine I moan.

When in my grave three years I 've lain,
If thou wouldst pass thereby,
And but to breathe my name wouldst deign,
My dead bones would reply.

Sire nor mother me caress,
For I have none on earth,
One little brother I possess
And he 's a fool by birth.

If thou another man shouldst wed
And I the same should know,
In mourning clad from foot to head
For ever I would go.

Unless within a fortnight's space
Thy face, O maid, I see,
Flamenca, of Egyptian race,
My lady love shall be.

Flamenca of Egyptian race,
If thou wert only mine,
Within a bonny crystal case
For life I 'd thee enshrine.

Extend to me the hand so small,
Wherein I see thee weep,
For, oh thy palmy tear-drops all
I would collect and keep.

I wash'd not in the limpid flood
The goodly shirt, I fear;
I wash'd it in the steaming blood
Of my betrothed fair.

Thou 'rt not, sweet dame, who smil'st so mild
The mother me who bore,
She left me whilst a little child
And fled and came no more.

Each morning when from bed I rise,
'Tis then I lave my face
In tears, which from these wretched eyes
Begin to flow apace.

Come to the window, sweet love, do,
And I will whisper there
In Romany a word or two,
And thee far off will bear.

Since from the town that lovely night
We two together ſtray'd,
Your parents proud with wrath and spite
Have war againſt me made.

A gypsy ſtripling's sparkling eye
Has pierc'd my bosom's core,
A feat no eye beneath the sky
Could e'er effect before.

Don't bid me from the land be gone,
And thou by child with me,
Each time I come the little one
I 'd greet in Romany.

With such an ugly loathly wife
The Lord has punished me,
I dare not take her for my life
Where any one can see.

This night abroad the gypsies ſtay,
O mother thus we know a sign,
They 've to the shepherds ta'en their way
To ſteal the lambkins fine.

Brown Egypt's race in days of old
Were wont silk hose to wear,
But for their sins so manifold
They now must fetters bear.

That spirit long oppresst with grief
Hath 'scap'd and heavenward flown,
In hopes the Lord will grant relief
Who builds in heaven his throne.

May blessings shower upon thy head,
Thou woman kind and fair,
Though thou hadst but one loaf of bread,
With me thou that didst share.

I 've call'd thee thrice in anxious strain,
But thou dost not appear,
And should I raise my voice again
Thy kinsmen me would hear.

Above there in the dusky pass
Was wrought a murder dread,
The murdered fell upon the grass,
Away the murderer fled.

O never with the Gentiles wend,
Nor ween their speeches true,
Or else be certain in the end
Thy blood will lose its hue.

O never with the Gentiles wend,
Nor in their vows delight,
Unless thou wish that in the end
Thy blood like theirs be white.

The Lord He when . . .* as . . .* state
With [E]gypt's race was bred,
And when he won to man's estate
His blood the Gentiles shed.

MS. illegible.

SONG

The strength of the ox,
The wit of the fox,
And the leveret's speed,—
Full oft, to oppose
To their numerous foes,
The Romany need.

Our horses they take,
Our wagons they break,
And ourselves they seize,
In their prisons to coop,
Where we pine and droop.
For want of breeze.

When the dead swallow
The fly shall follow
O'er Burra-panee,
Then we will forget
The wrongs we have met,
And forgiving be.

MISCELLANEOUS

EPIGRAMS

I

THERE 's no living, my boy, without plenty of gold,
But gold to obtain you must ever be bold.
The Diver will never who feareth the shark
Bring up precious pearls from the sea caverns dark.

II

O think not you 'll change what on high is designed,
Though you lift up your hands and to heaven you shout;
The angel will grieve not, who governs the wind,
Though a gust should the lamp of the widow blow out.

III

Load not thyself with gold, O mortal man, for know
No strength thou 'lt have for loads when summon'd hence away.
Avoid excess of meat, it maketh gross, I trow,
And gross thou must not be when summon'd hence away;
For through the narrow gate thou 'lt find it hard to go
Of death, if thou art gross when summon'd hence away.

EPIGRAMS

HONESTY

No wonder honesty 's a lasting article,
Seeing that people seldom use a particle.

A POLITICIAN

He served his God in such a fashion
As ne'er put Satan in a passion.

THE CANDLE

For foolish pastimes oft, full oft, they thee ignite,
I oft a pastime prove for tongues with folly rife;
By wasting of thyself thou yieldest others light,
And I in selfsame way must use my luckless life.

THE THREE EXPECTANTS

THERE are three for my death that now pine,
Though one and all wondrous civil;
Would that all of them hung on a line,
My children, the worms, and the Devil.

My body, my soul, and my gear,
When down to the grave I descend,
The three hope among them to share,
And to revel on time without end.

But there is not one of the three,
To the others though kindly affected,
For both of their shares would agree
To resign his own portion expected.

The Devil, so harsh and austere,
Who only in evil hath joy,
Would scorn to take body and gear
For my soul, that sweet beautiful toy.

My children would rather possess
The gear I have toil'd so to gather,
Though for me fervent love they profess,
Than the body and soul of their father.

The worms, though my children will make
A lament when I 'm laid in the hole,
Would my body in preference take
To my gear or my beautiful soul.

Oh, Christ! who wast hung on a tree,
And wast pierc'd by a fool in his madness;
Since each of them plund'ring would be,
Send each disappointment and sadness.

A HYMN

O Jesus, Thou Fountain of solace and gladness
Of Heaven's high Three second person divine;
Forgive, O forgive me my blindness and madness,
And guide to Thy kingdom this spirit of mine.

Dearly, O Jesus,
Thou boughtest me,
Yon Friday dark
Upon the tree.

Thy foes were numerous,
Fierce and fell;
Few and weak those
Who wished Thee well.

Nigh stood Thy mother,
Full of fears,
Wringing her hands
And bathed in tears.

Often, O Jesus,
Wilfully
With my great sins
I 've tortured Thee.

Causing Thy wounds
To open again,
Waking anew
The ancient pain.

All the kindness
  Thou hast display'd,
With black ingratitude
  I 've repaid.

But Jesus, Creator of earth and of ocean,
  Who me, a vile sinner, so dearly didst buy;
My damnable ignorance turn to devotion,
  And guide my poor soul to Thy courts in the sky.

SAINT JACOB

Saint Jacob he takes our blest Lord by the hand:
'I gladly would Christianize Garsia land.'

'O how wilt thou bring it within Christian pale?
No ship hast thou here o'er the salt sea to sail.'

'Thy power, O Lord, is so wondrously great,
Full quickly a ship Thou for me canst create.'

'Saint Jacob, hie down to the salt ocean strand,
There standeth so little a stone by the land.'

Saint Jacob he taketh a book in his hand,
And down he proceeds to the salt ocean strand.

Saint Jacob he made o'er the stone the cross-mark,
From the land straight it floated, as though 'twere a bark.

It rode o'er the billows so rapid and free,
Right, right towards Garsia promontoree.

So rapid the stone to glide thither began,
A hundred miles' space in one short hour it ran.

In comes a foot-boy, to the King doffs his bonnet:
'Here cometh a stone, and a man sits upon it.'

A woman rushed in, in her eyes wonder shone:
'Here cometh a man, and he sits on a stone.'

King Garsia taketh his axe in his hand,
And down he proceeds to the salt ocean ſtrand.

'Now hear thou, Saint Jacob, I say unto thee,
What haſt thou in this land, in this land here with me?'

'Unto thee I am come to this land 'cross the brine,
Because that my Maker is greater than thine.'

'O how can thy Maker be greater than mine?
Mine drinks every day the brown mead and the wine.'

'O then my Creator is greater than thine,
For mine can the water convert into wine.

'My Maker can turn the black mould into bread,
Can give life back to them who long, long have been dead.'

'If thou canſt reſtore me my dearly loved son,
I 'll truſt in thy Maker, and no other one.

'If I again view him, with flesh and hair dight,
As he fifteen years since disappeared from my sight;

'If I get him again both with hawk and with hound,
Juſt, juſt as he sank in the depths of the sound;

'With hair on his head, and with flesh on his bone,
As though he the pang of death never had known.'

Then the blessed Saint Jacob upon his book pored:
''Twill be no easy matter to get him reſtored.'

When he had ſtood reading a wee little time,
He raised up the man from hell's sorrowful clime.

'Now again thou hast got him with flesh and hair dight,
As he fifteen years since disappeared from thy sight.

'Thou hast got him again, both with hawk and with hound,
Just, just as he sank in the ocean profound.

'With hair on his head, and with flesh on his bone,
As though he the pang of death never had known.'

'Now hear thou, my dear son, so fine and so fair,
What news from thy journey afar dost thou bear?'

'The news which I bring from the far distant place,
Is that one little knows of the other's hard case.

'There the woman, who 's hated the child of her womb,
Out of the snake-tower can ne'er hope to come.

'There the cruel step-mother, her child who has slain,
Goes begirt with a sword fraught with festering bane.

'The merchants who here in heaps money uprake,
There hiss in the likeness of serpent and snake.

'The Sysselmen, wretches with hearts hard as stone,
There in the snake-tower despairingly moan.'

THE WISE WELOND

WHERE are now the bones
Of the wise Welond,
The gold smith
Who was most unfortunate?
I say of
The wise Welond,
Because one may not to any
Of the dwellers of the earth
Destroy the craft
Which Christ has lent him,
Nor may one
More easily
Any unfortunate
Deprive of his craft
Than one might undertake
To turn the sun back,
Or any man
This swift firmament
From its right course.
Who knows now
In what grave heap
Rocks cover
The bones of the wise
Welond?

THE FAIRIES' SONG

Balmy the evening air,
  Nature, how bright the hue!
But, though the bloom is fair
  The sense with sweets to woo,
Love, Music, Mirth, Oh give!
  On these we fairies live!

The glow-worm's amorous lamp
  Recalls her wandering mate;
Their revel in the swamp
  Outshines the halls of State.
Then, Spirits, hither fly,
  And match their revelry!

The Bat is on the wing,
  And Gnats, what reels they run!
In wide or narrow ring,
  An atmosphere of fun.
Then let us to the dance,
  And feet like midges glance!

AN ELEGY

WHERE shall I rest my hapless head,
Heavy with grief? how plenteously
Must I the briny torrents shed—
Alack, and woe is me!

Our chief is gone, at last, at last,
The safeguard of our nation he;
The glory of our age is past—
Alack, and woe is me!

Unto the swords, O father dear,
Of foemen thirsting horribly
For blood, why leave thy children here?
Alack, and woe is me!

Of justice is the fountain dried,
And mute the law's high symphony;
Fallen is Europa's brightest pride—
Alack, and woe is me!

There is a change of times and things
That passeth on eternally,
Decreed by Him, the King of Kings—
'Tis right—but woe is me!

Now is the earth with violets gay,
And flowers manifold to see;
Now frozen 'neath the winter's sway—
How brief the roses be!

Now shews the sun his head of gold
With a superior brilliancy;
Now hides as were he dead and cold—
Alack, and woe is me.

O father! I will lave thy tomb
With tear-drops well becoming me;
Thy tomb with flowery herbs perfume—
How brief the roses be!

TO THE GIRL THEANOE

Thy black and lustrous eyes, O Theanoe,
Like a wild consuming flame they make me go ;
They my senses take away,
And they burn me and they turn me into ashes with their ray,
O my beauteous Theanoe.

Thy lips, thy rosy lips, O Theanoe,
They hurl me to a hell of deepest woe ;
Thy mellow voice divine
With fire and desire doth fill this heart of mine,
O my beauteous Theanoe.

When first I did behold thee, Theanoe,
I felt of blessed hope a rushing flow,
Thou didst tell me then to love,
Now I shrivel and drivel, if from me thou dost but move,
O my beauteous Theanoe.

Thou didst kiss me in the mouth, O Theanoe,
And still upon my mouth remains a glow,
A kiss from thee had I,
Each swearing and declaring, we 'd together live and die,
O my gentle Theanoe.

THE FLEA

A KING in story noted
  A monstrous flea did own,
And on that flea he doted,
  As were it his own dear son;
He calls a man of talent,
  A tailor he by trade;
'Take measure of the gallant,
  For him let clothes be made.'

In silk and satin going
  Behold now good Sir Flea,
Ribbons on him are flowing
  And a golden cross has he;
Now calls he his relations,
  He 's now Prime Minister,
To fill important stations
  And make at court a stir.

And soon the court half mad is,
  The fleas so sting and bite,
The Queen and waiting-ladies
  Can rest nor day nor night,
And dare not off to brush them,
  Far less the brutes to crack.
We happier far can crush them,
  When we catch them on our back!

THE WANDERING CHILDREN AND THE BENEVOLENT GENTLEMAN

AN IDYLL OF THE ROADS

ELDEST CHILD

O GENTLEMAN, sweet gentleman!
To thee we humbly bow:
Upon poor hungry children three
Your charity bestow!

We 've trudg'd the roads from rise of sun
Until the sun is low,
And had no breakfast but the haws
Which on the hedges grow.

BENEVOLENT GENTLEMAN

Poor vagrant children, I perceive
You 've run away from home;
But know that from such wickedness
No good can ever come.

A cruel and a wicked thing
It is, you must confess,
To run away from home and leave
Your friends in deep distress.

O think upon your father's groans,
Your mother's scalding tears,
Your sister's cries and agonies
And your poor granny's fears.

ELDEST CHILD

Sweet gentle sir, your words are good,
We hear them thankfully;
But pray bestow with your advice
One single halfpenny!

BENEVOLENT GENTLEMAN

Return, poor thoughtless children, home,
Or evil will ensue.
There 's sad temptation in the world
For children such as you.

ELDEST CHILD

Oh clap a stopper to your jaw!
We hate such stuff and cant;
And keep your counsel for yourself,
The rhino 's what we want.

BENEVOLENT GENTLEMAN

Return to your paternal home,
Where peace you once enjoy'd;
Your morals, should you roam about,
Will quickly be destroyed.

O it would be a dreadful thing,
A thing to break the heart,
If all your childish innocence
For ever should depart.

ELDEST CHILD

Get home, get home, you bloody old thief,
And do not chaff us so;
The pudding smokes—go home and stuff,
You bloody old parson, go!

BENEVOLENT GENTLEMAN

Farewell, poor babes! go home to friends;
They 'll open wide their arms;
And you will rest beneath their roof
Disturb'd by no alarms.

ELDEST CHILD

Well, we have tramp'd the roads and queer'd
Full many a sharp and flat,
But ne'er by goles have we beheld
So cool a cove as that.

THE ELF BRIDE

THERE was a youthful swain one day
  Did ted the new-mown grass;
There came a gay and lovely may
  From out the nigh morass.
Clad in a dress of silk was she,
  Green as the leaves which deck the tree,
Her head so winsomely to see
  With bulrush plaited was.

That lass he wooed, his suit she heeds,
  And married are the pair;
To bridal bed his wife he leads—
  But what befell him there?
He found, fear-stricken and amaz'd,
That he a rough oak trunk embrac'd,
Instead of the enchanting waist
  Of his mysterious fair.

Then straight abroad a voice he heard,
  Which sang the window through;
These were the words the voice proffer'd
  If my report be true:
'Come out to her whom thou didst wed!
Upon my mead thy couch is spread.'
From this he guessed with some elf maid
  That he had had to do.

THE ELVES

Take heed, good people, of yourselves;
And oh! beware ye of the elves.

ONCE a peasant young and gay
Was in his meadow cutting hay,
There came a lovely looking lass
From out the neighbouring morass.
The lass he woo'd, her promise won,
And soon the bridal day came on.
But when the pair had got to bed,
The bridegroom found, with fear and dread,
That he a rough oak stump embrac'd,
Instead of woman's lovely waist.
Then, to increase his fear and wonder,
There sang a voice his window under:
'Come out to her whom thou didst wed,
Upon my mead the bed is spread.'
From that wild lay the peasant knew
He with a fay had had to do.

Take heed, good people, of yourselves;
And oh! beware ye of the elves.

THE LADY OF THE GREENWOOD

One summer morn, as I was seeking
My ponies in their green retreat,
I heard a lady sing a ditty
To me which sounded strangely sweet.

I am the ladye, I am the ladye,
I am the ladye loving the knight;
I in the green wood 'neath the green branches
In the night season sleep with the knight.

Since yonder summer morn of beauty
I 've seen many a gloomy year;
But in my mind still lives the ditty
That in the green wood met my ear.

I am the ladye, I am the ladye,
I am the ladye loving the knight;
I in the green wood 'neath the green branches
In the night season sleep with the knight.

THE SWORD

Full twenty fights my father saw,
And died with twenty red wounds gored;
I heir'd what he so loved to draw,
His ancient silver-handled sword.

It is a sword of weight and length,
Of jags and blood-specks nobly full;
Well wielded by his Cornish strength
It clove the Gaulman's helm and skull.

Hurrah! thou silver-handled blade,
Though thou 'st but little of the air
Of swords by Cornets worn on p'rade,
To battle thee I vow to bear.

Thou 'st decked old chiefs of Cornwall's land,
To face the fiend with thee they dared;
Thou prov'dst a Tirfing in their hand
Which victory gave when'er 'twas bared.

Though Cornwall's moors 'twas ne'er my lot
To view, in Eastern Anglia born,
Yet I her sons' rude strength have got,
And feel of death their fearless scorn.

And when the foe we have in ken,
  And with my troop I seek the fray,
Thou 'lt find the youth who wields thee then,
  Will ne'er the part of Horace play.

Meanwhile above my bed's head hang,
  May no vile rust thy sides bestain;
And soon, full soon, the war-trump's clang
  Call me and thee to glory's plain.

TO MARY ANNE

O DEARLY, sincerely
I love thee, Mary Anne;
More kindly, more blindly
None love another can.

At sunrise, at moonrise
Thou dost my bosom fill;
When night reigns or light reigns,
I think upon thee still.

And in Dania or Britannia
E'en as in Petersville,
And when I am in Siam
I 'll think upon thee still.

Coolish love is foolish love,
Mine is hot and strong;
Immensity, intensity,
They both to me belong.

Though the ocean in motion
Between so widely roll,
The needle, though little,
Still longeth for its pole.

O'er the ocean in motion
Still burn for thee I can;
Then start ship and part ship
Me from my Mary Anne.

THE SHARP-TONGUED LADY

'Oh Sophy, 'tis your vile abusive tongue
That maketh everybody fear and hate you,
For dread of that no lady dares come in,
If you don't mend, you 'll kill me, Sophy Thew.'

'Mother, I 'll mend, [at] leaſt I 'll try to do so,
But I do hate that trumpery curate Garry;
And were there not another man alive
I would not, mother, such a puppy marry—
But I will mend—but firſt I 'll dress for dinner.'

A NEW SONG
TO AN OLD TUNE

Who ſtarves his wife,
And denies her clothing?
Bright the Shaker,
The humbug Quaker!

Merrily danced the Quaker's wife,
Merrily danced the Quaker;
But the wife of Bright is too ſtarved to dance,
And he 's too fat to caper.

He grudges the wretch a morsel of food,
He grudges her even clothing;
Once, 'tis said, to the cupboard she ſtole,
But there to ſteal found nothing.

But Bright 's as fat as a bacon hog,
The old outrageous sinner;
For he will ſtuff at any fool's coſt,
Who 'll ask him home to dinner.

Merrily danced the Quaker's wife,
Merrily danced the Quaker;
But the wife of Bright is too ſtarved to dance,
And he 's too fat to caper.

Who ſtarves his wife,
And denies her clothing?
Bright the Shaker,
The humbug Quaker!

THE SQUINT-EYED LADY

THERE is a squint-eyed Lady,
Who in Barmouth doth reside;
She keeps a beer-and-brandy shop,
Though she in a coach doth ride.

Outspoke the squint-eyed Lady:
'It would me much avail,
If you would but deal with me
For a single pint of ale.

'For appearances I must keep up,
Which most expensive are,
For my husband is a parson,
Although I 'm at the bar.

'And I have a son called Rufus,
And a genteel son is he,
And I cannot allow him less
A week than shillings three.

'I must give balls and concerts
And keep my coach and man;
Therefore I pray you 'll deal with me,
As much as e'er you can.

And that you 'll recommend me
To all your kith and kin,
For I 'm not above retailing
A single glass of gin.'

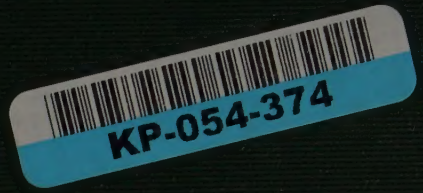
Then hey for the squint-eyed Lady,
She has so little pride;
She 'll beg for custom for her shop,
Though she in a coach doth ride.

DESIDERABILIA VITÆ

Give me the haunch of a buck to eat,
And to drink Madeira old;
And a gentle wife to rest with,
And in my arms to fold.

An Arabic book to study,
A gypsy pony to ride;
And a house to live in shaded by trees,
Near to a river's side.

With such good things around me,
And with good health withal,
Though I should live for a hundred years
For death I would not call.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